6th October 1978 30p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

Margaret Thatcher and the social climbers

NOV 08 1978

Godfrey Hodgson

Born-again Carter and the dying Presidency

Peter Conrad: Richard Wagner's obsessions

Mr Michael Foot: Once more with feeling

Extracts from a speech by Mr Michael Foot, MP (Lord President of the Council and leader of the Commons in Mr Callaghan's Government), at the Labour Party Conference in 1968:

"The best way, and the best Socialist way to pay this country's debts, to make us independent, is to plan for full national production, and we are not doing that now. The deliberate policy of the Government is not to plan for full national production, and that is why the unemployment figures stand up at the high total they do at the present time. *(Note: they were about 500,000. The Government of which Mr Foot is now a pillar is presiding over unemployment of 1.4 million).* This winter the country is not going to plan for full production under their present policies . . .

I say as a socialist, and as I believe everybody in this movement would say, we are not prepared to tolerate the scourge of unemployment at the rate we have had it over these years. *(Applause.)*

We are not prepared to tolerate it for socialist reasons and for economic reasons, and particularly when we see that some of the fiercest burden of that unemployment falls on the areas that have to bear the heaviest burden of industrial change at the same time . . . So long as the Government is not planning for full production, do not let them tell us they are carrying out a socialist policy.

Of course there are some people who are against full employment, against planning for full production, some people who openly say they want a large margin of unused resources. Those are the words of the Governor of the Bank of England, never repudiated by Jim Callaghan, never repudiated by the members of the Government. *(Applause.)* . . . The banks do not believe in full employment, and the people who have lent us the money do not believe in full employment as their policy. The remarkable fact is that those people who do not believe in the policy still give approval to the financial policy that the Government is operating.

Governments must choose . . . They must choose between an old, orthodox deflationary policy and an updated, full employment, socialist policy. This is what the Government has to choose about, and so far it has made the wrong choice. Do not let them tell us that there is no other choice. Let them read the document produced by the TUC, one of the finest documents ever presented to the British Labour Movement. *(Applause.)* A document which sets out the alternative policy . . .

What we do about economic policy governs all the rest. All the humiliations and indignities that we have had to suffer during these years – the prescription charges, the cuts in school milk, the compulsory wages policy in defiance of all the pledges we were given – all these things derive from the Government's apparent settled determination to pursue that old, orthodox, conservative financial policy . . .

Anyhow, do not let anybody imagine that you can rebuild the fortunes of the socialist movement in this country without adopting and applying and putting into practice the socialist policy on which we were elected. That is what we have to vote about today. That is what this Conference is about . . .

What we have to do is to use this Conference as one of the great instruments to readopt the socialist policies . . . which can most quickly make this country independent, the socialist policies which can reinvigorate our movement and enable us to win the next election instead of submitting to the defeatism which is all around us at the present time.

I say we can break out of it, but we will only break out of it if we have faith in our own principles, not in the principles of Edward Heath. *(Prolonged applause.)*"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes on Politics and Power

Ferranti spins gold

Christopher Hird writes: Last week's successful Stock Exchange reflotation of electronics company Ferranti was good news for the National Enterprise Board who are now showing a profit of over 300 per cent on an investment made in 1974. But it was even better news for the Ferranti family and other shareholders who have made a similar profit *this year* as a result of the government's generous rescue scheme.

In 1974 Ferranti were in deep trouble: profits were falling and the company did not have the money to trade its way out of trouble. The government had, however, and agreed to put up £8.7 million for 62½ per cent of Ferranti's shares and lend it another £6.3 million.

The rescue deal had several unusual features as the Department of Industry were completely outnegotiated by Ferranti's financial advisers, the County Bank. If Ferranti succeeded in getting a quote for its shares by October 1978 the government agreed to sell 12½ per cent of its holding (which had no votes) to the existing shareholders at half the shares' market price. In addition, the government promised to compensate the company, under certain circumstances, if the losses of the transformer division had an effect on the share price.

Under the guidance of the NEB and a new chief executive and on the back of government orders Ferranti thrived. Losses of £318,000 in 1975 became profits of over £9 million and stock exchange listing was possible.

Thankfully, the compensation for the transformer division has been dropped. But the offer of cut price shares to existing shareholders – in a slightly modified form – has stayed. Last month the NEB offered Ferranti shareholders two shares at 101p for every three they already held. This week these shares were worth 265p each, nil paid, i.e. without the subscription price being paid. The price of the old shares was 365p, compared with only 115p in the spring.

This means, for example, that the personal fortunes of Basil and Sebastian Ferranti – who, under the normal laws of capitalism could, in 1974, reasonably have expected to lose everything – are now worth £6.3 million each, compared with £1.6 million earlier this year. Also benefiting from this good fortune – though not on such a dramatic scale – is £30,000 a year chief executive Mr John Alun-Jones, who bought 50,000 shares in Ferranti some time between April and June. Overall, the private sector shareholding in Ferranti is now worth almost 300 per cent more than it was in February.

A most bizarre judgment

Anna Coote writes: The Press Council will shortly be publishing its decision to reject complaints by the lesbian organisation Sappho against the London *Evening News* for its treatment of a story about lesbian parents. Two female reporters posed as lesbian lovers to infiltrate Sappho, to gain an introduction to a lesbian 'family' who had had a baby by artificial insemination (AID), and to consult the doctor who administered it. The *Evening News* gave their report the full shock-horror treatment on 5 January, with a frontpage splash the following day: 'MP's call for strict new laws "BAN THESE BABIES"'. Sappho complained of the deceptive methods used and of 'discrimination against lesbian parents'.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST EVENING SALE

Evening News

EXCLUSIVE: The Belgravia man who helps lesbians have babies

DOCTOR STRANGE LOVE

By JOANNA PITMAN

THE Evening News today reveals the extraordinary and disturbing case of the London doctor who is helping lesbian couples to have babies.

Special report in Centre Pages

In evidence to the Press Council's Complaints Committee 'A' on 1 August, Jackie Forster and Nikki Henriques of Sappho pointed out that it was not the publicity they objected to, but the treatment. News of the AID babies had already been published in *Sappho* magazine which was on sale to the public. In defence, Louis Kirby, Editor of the *Evening News* claimed he handled the story as a 'factual disclosure of a sociological trend with no element of criticism of those concerned'.

After a certain amount of ranting about threats to the moral fibre of the UK and the 'philosophical' issue which was at stake, the Committee (chaired by Lord Shawcross shortly before his retirement) recommended that the Council reject Sappho's complaint *in toto*. The proposed adjudication admits that discrimination occurred, but finds that in posing 'the question as to whether lesbian couples should be assisted in this particular way to bring children into the world . . . such discrimination as occurred was justified'. On the question of deceptive methods the adjudication recalls the Press Council's established policy: 'That the Press ought not to employ agent provocateurs save in the most exceptional circumstances . . . that invasion of privacy by deception can only be justified when it is in pursuit of information which ought to be published in the public interest and there is no other reasonably practicable method of obtaining or confirming it.' Yet it concludes: 'The existence of an organisation to provide such a service was undoubtedly a matter of public interest and concern about which information was not otherwise available . . . That (the story) did lead to serious parliamentary and Press discussion seems ex post facto to justify publication'.

A bizarre judgment, since news of the organisation could have been obtained by paying 40p for a copy of *Sappho* magazine; Ms Forster and Ms Henriques were willing to talk to the press, being anxious merely to protect the identity of the children concerned.

Unlike most decisions of the Committee, this one had to be put to the vote and there were two dissenters – the vice-president of the National Union of Journalists and the Bishop of Edmonton. At a meeting of the full Press Council last week, a move to refer it back failed by seven votes to 18 and the final vote in favour of the adjudication was passed by 18 to four. Just a few days later, the Ethics Committee of the British Medical Association ruled that giving artificial insemination to lesbians was *not* unethical.

Shelley, the restless revolutionary

Paul Foot writes: Literary history was made in three glorious days last week at the University of Wales' mansion at Gregynog near Newtown. The University sponsored the first-ever conference on Percy Bysshe Shelley, who was drowned 156 years ago in the Bay of Spezzia, Italy. Shelley's reputation has risen and fallen sharply ever since, but for the last 40 years he has been in almost permanent eclipse.

The Gregynog conference, as a result, was cheerful, almost shy. There was none of the donnish one-upmanship which cramps so many conferences of this kind. Everyone felt that Shelley's reputation was more important than their own and were keen to share their information and discuss their ideas.

Some of the speakers were well-known Shelley authors – Tim Webb from York University; Judith Chernaik; and Desmond King-Hale (no academic he, but a Ministry of Defence geophysicist) who spoke about Erasmus's and Darwin's influence on Shelley.

These were interspersed with talks from a crop of young English literature dons who are beginning to make Shelley their main study – Paul Dawson from Cambridge, John Freeman from Cardiff, Richard Cronin from Glasgow and Kelvin Everest from Lampeter, who convened the conference. From all these talks, and the long discussions which went on late into the nights, a very different Shelley emerged to the prototype 'beautiful and ineffectual angel' scorned by Matthew Arnold and worshipped by the late Victorian literary establishment. Here was the restless, republican revolutionary Shelley who has been banished from examination papers for one and a half centuries.

The climax of the conference, very suitably, was a talk by Geoffrey Matthews of Reading University who at some time or another has taught or inspired almost everyone there. He showed how three Shelley fragments had been wrongly ascribed for 156 years. A sad little poem, for instance, which starts with the line

'Thy little footsteps on the sands . . .'

is formally entitled *To William*, on the assumption that it was written to Shelley's son William, who died aged three and a half in 1819. But no. Geoffrey Matthews *proves* it is not to William at all but to Fanny Godwin, the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft and Gilbert Imlay. As part of the proof, Geoffrey Matthews

NEW STATESMAN

Vol 96 No 2481

Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471

© 1978

The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd.

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail UK £14.50. Overseas £16, USA $34, Canada $37.

By air mail Europe £19.50, Middle East £21, Africa, India, W Indies £22, USA $44, Canada $47 Australia, NZ, Far East £23.

For details of student rates write to the Subscriptions Manager at the above address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shows how two of the images of the poem are borrowed direct from Mary Wollstonecraft's writing – one from her Letters from Sweden and one from her novel Maria.

This is not just exciting scholarship. It reminded us all how deep was Shelley's commitment and debt to Mary Wollstonecraft and her ideas. Indeed, the only thing missing from the conference was a thoroughgoing discussion of Shelley's feminism. He believed and wrote, again and again, that the master-servant relationship between men and women was the most horrible consequence of a master-servant society.

'Woman as the bond-slave dwells Of man, a slave. And life is poisoned in its wells.'

The violable rights of Italian women

James Walston writes: Italian women have, in theory, been able to have a free legal abortion without having to get anyone's permission, for just over four months. But already the law is under serious attack. A fortnight ago a magistrate in Trent, in Northern Italy, requested the opinion of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the new law and on Monday a trial started in Florence against a feminist group who had for a long time provided a very cheap and sometimes free abortion service.

The appeal to the Supreme Court is based on Article 2 of the constitution which guarantees 'The Inviolable Rights of Man'. The Judge who has moved the appeal is a member of the Christian Democratic Party and has publicly declared himself against legalised abortion.

The Radical Party deputy, Adele Faccio, is by no means optimistic about the outcome of the case. She told me last week: 'You must look at the composition of the Supreme Court, neither the age of the judges nor their political colour inspires much confidence. Certainly there is a higher proportion of communists on the bench than there used to be but in the fight for the law we saw how they had leaden feet.'

This week's case in Florence is against the CISA (Italian Centre for Sterilisation and Abortion) and once again the protagonists are more moved by ideological reasons than by an altruistic love for the law. The two public prosecutors are founding members of the 'Movement for Life', an equivalent of SPUC. Since the state health system has shewn itself to be grossly inadequate in meeting the demand for legal abortions, charities like CISA are essential. Waiting lists grow at all the regional hospitals for an operation which cannot wait and the conscientious objectors have reached 100 in some hospitals. The Florence case will have serious effects on the application of an already badly applied abortion law.

Sam Silkin's costly error

Christopher Hitchens writes: The Official Secrets Act trial began anew at the Old Bailey on Tuesday with a startling admission that a major charge under Section 1 of the Official Secrets Act was needlessly brought because of wrong instructions from the security services. Duncan Campbell (now a NEW STATESMAN staff writer) was formally acquitted of a charge of 'collecting information concerning defence communications which might be directly or indirectly useful to an enemy'. It was a charge carrying a possible 14 year penalty under the spying section of the Acts, and involved the preparation and examination of literally thousands of documents by defence and prosecution – at a cost which undoubtedly exceeds that of the abortive trial halted three weeks ago.

After the arrests were made in February 1977, the Brighton flat of Duncan Campbell was ransacked and stripped bare by members of the Special Branch, using the extensive powers of the Official Secrets Acts. Some 15,000 documents, including telephone directories and novels, contact lists and an entire filing cabinet were removed to Scotland Yard for almost six months. Finally, 900 pages were offered in evidence, culled from Campbell's files, and said to constitute a 'collection of information' from which conclusions, damagingly useful to some enemy, could be drawn. Attorney General Sam Silkin granted in April 1977 a *fiat*, or consent, for the prosecution, allowing any charges at all to be brought. After the unconstitutionally wide terms of his fiat were challenged in parliament, he wrote out a new one last November, specifically consenting to the new charge.

On Tuesday, crown counsel John Leonard QC explained that during cross-examination in the first trial, Campbell's QC Lord Hutchinson had produced numerous public documents 'from official or semi-official sources' which 'duplicated or matched much of the information' produced as evidence. Leonard said that the existence of the published information on supposedly secret matter was 'wholly new to me'.

The creation of this charge had put Campbell out of work, wrecked a small business in which he was involved, driven him from his home, exposed all his confidential sources and acquaintances to Special Branch surveillance, occupied months of investigation by police and other government officials, defence and prosecution lawyers, at a cost at least three times that of the abandoned trial. At the end of the day, the Security Services have been found wanting in respect of the basic ability to determine whether a fact is, or is not, a secret. And Sam Silkin must take the responsibility for the careless way in which his consent – a vital constitutional restraint – was so dangerously granted.

Free Speech

Make legal aid free

The Home Secretary is worried that he is spending too much money on legal aid in criminal proceedings. In a recent circular to Justices' Clerks, he begs them 'to do what they can to ensure that legal aid is not granted unless it is necessary'. In cases where it *is* granted he asks them to consider whether it would be appropriate to make 'a contribution order for a realistic amount'. By 'realistic' he clearly means 'larger than is customary'.

Clerks in magistrates' courts have almost total discretion in granting legal aid in criminal cases – and they exhibit a mysterious inconsistency. Why, for instance, did the magistrates' court at Halton, Cheshire, last year refuse 293 out of 945 applications, when Peterborough refused only 43 out of 1,146? Why did Highbury Corner, London, turn down 942 out of 2,254 when Croydon rejected only 151 out of 2,622? Only the clerks know.

The system of ordering contributions from the defendants seems even more arbitrary. When they are granted legal aid, they may be asked to make a down-payment (usually a small one) before the case is heard; but they are rarely – if ever – told at that stage how much they will be expected to pay towards the cost of their defence. This is determined at the end of the case, at the court's 'judicial discretion', the magistrate (or judge, if the case has proceeded to trial) decides, on advice from the clerk of the court, whether or not the defendant should be ordered to pay. That decision is based not only on an assessment of means, but also on such considerations as whether the defendant 'brought the case on himself', or entered into a too-lengthy defence, or was acquitted on a technicality. In other words, contribution orders can all too easily serve as a punitive measure, a species of fine. Defendants are taken unawares: once they learn they've been granted legal aid, they don't imagine they may be running up large bills for themselves as the case progresses. And whereas they can appeal against a fine, they have no right of appeal against a contribution order.

Some courts rarely bother to make even minimum orders – and it is this fact which prompted the Home Office circular. Others, meanwhile, impose substantial orders almost as a matter of course. Magistrates at Stoke on Trent have alarmed local probation officers by exacting large sums from all but the destitute. In one case, a widow with four dependent children, whose only income was £45 a week industrial death benefit, was ordered to pay the full cost of defending her son when he was charged with a criminal offence and placed under a supervision order. In another, a man suffering from mental illness and living on supplementary benefit was ordered to pay £79 towards his legal aid bill because he had savings worth £300; when he was taken to court a second time, he was so worried about the possible cost that he refused to have any legal representation.

Oddly enough, even if the Home Secretary wanted to impose standards that were both consistent and fair, he would have no power to do so. For while he is technically the Minister responsible for magistrates' courts, it is the Lord Chancellor who controls the legal aid funds. Magistrates' clerks are employed by local committees of magistrates and are accountable to no-one else.

The most sensible solution would be to abolish contribution orders altogether. In 1976-77 they brought in £563,533, which represents no more than 3.3 per cent of the full sum spent on legal aid (£16,873,336). The work that goes into collecting them would need to account for less than 7.5 per cent of the administration budget (which totals £6.897,656) before the exercise began to pay its way. Contribution orders are not only unpredictable, uncontrollable and often unjust; they are also a waste of money. To raise more money by following the example of Stoke would not improve the quality of justice enjoyed by the poor.

Anna Coote

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patrick Wintour: One Cheer for Democracy

The government, presumably thinking there would not be a full conference, simply had not done its homework. The cancellation in September of the TUC-Labour Party Liaison Committee left the government out of touch with union feeling and still ill-acquainted with Moss Evans. No missions had been sent to the trade union delegation leaders in the previous month and little thought had gone into what might occur. Over 89 per cent of the votes which can be cast at the Labour Party Conference come from the trade unions. The TGWU control 1,070,000, the Engineers 877,000, the GMWU 650,000 and NUPE 500,000. Without the support on a card vote of this increasingly unpredictable bloc it is almost statistically impossible to carry anything. Unlike the tightly managed 'pre-election conference of 1977' where over 100 critical resolutions had been banned under the three-year rule by the Conference Arrangements Committee, this conference was definitely not orchestrated.

Yet the government needed to win Monday's incomes policy debate very badly indeed. Even though Healey is now quite prepared to resort to full-blooded monetarism if the unions cannot deliver responsible collective bargaining, it was electorally crucial to win on Monday. A tight money supply will mean more unemployment and less tax cuts. It was an index of the government's desperation that Healey was saying openly before and during the debate that the election would be lost if 5 per cent was rejected.

The votes of the TGWU were irretrievably gone but the hope was that at this late stage the engineers led by right-wingers John Boyd and Terry Duffy (Scanlon was arriving late) could be swung round. Their delegation, indeed, had reconvened after Callaghan had argued that they could legitimately abstain on the basis of the last paragraph of the motion. This instructed the NEC to organise a campaign in the trade union and labour movement against control on wages. David Basnett of the GMWU had already been impressed by the argument that the NEC should not interfere in trade union affairs and had thus persuaded his delegation to abstain. The engineers, however, had a clear accumulation of mandates from their own conferences against incomes policy. More important, the majority of the engineers' conference delegates are elected through branch votes, rather than the postal ballot. The left had thus maintained a hold here which is not reflected by Bob Wright's recent defeat and the general collapse of the whole broad left organisation among the engineers.

However, even though the engineers could not be fixed, other ploys might have been tried. One idea was to delay the vote until the next morning by which time more deals could have been struck. However,

Callaghan had a rough ride of it from the conference managers this year (the arrangements committee had already annoyed him by setting the incomes policy debate before his own speech) and Joan Lestor, the chairman, pressed ahead with the card vote immediately. Reg Underhill afterwards was seen remonstrating with her on this lack of prevarication. The government had had to take two slaps on the face, first on incomes policy and then on rejection of its general economic strategy. The results, though, were greeted in abject silence: the unions had not enjoyed their act of self-assertion.

At a Campaign for Labour Victory meeting just after the vote, the Right were more loquacious – in fact, they were fuming. Throughout Shirley Williams's speech, her temper was on a distinctly loose leash. (At one point she seemed to threaten to leave the party.) She said she was 'staggered at the amazing ability of our movement to start going through the theology when there is a battle to be fought in the field'. The vote was 'aimed at the heart of the Labour Government' and 'bashed it on the face in its main claim for public support'. Her fury was particularly directed at the chirpy 23-year-old man from Wavertree who had moved the motion rejecting 5 per cent and had refused to remit. 'The trade unions wanted a Labour Government victory and they wanted 5 per cent but due to a tragedy of procedure were unable to reflect that dilemma in terms of a vote. They had to accept or reject'. Certainly in the old manipulative days a chairman bent on avoiding a controversial vote need not have specifically asked the mover of the motion whether he was prepared to remit but might have asked the opinion of the whole conference. This time Joan Lestor played it by the rule book.

Peter Jenkins writing in the *Guardian* on Tuesday claimed that the 'rift in the Labour movement is not primarily ideological'. In a sense he is correct, the predominant mood is an anti-authoritarian assertiveness by a rank-and-file demanding the accountability of its representatives, be it the platform or the PLP. The mood is similar to the one that killed incomes policy for the TGWU at Jack Jones's last conference. It is reflected in the demand for a change of structures, for a Freedom of Information Act, for civil service accountability, for the election of the Cabinet and for an electoral college to choose the leader of the party (a motion which fell, purely due to the TGWU's contrition over their previous day's deeds).

The mood is being fuelled daily by the realisation that everyone's suspicions of the Wilson government are true. Wilson is now being exorcised. Michael Foot, for example, in a pre-conference meeting, pathetically attempted to explain the limited achievements of his government by citing the constraints of the Lib-Lab pact, only to be savaged by those who pointed out that the party's crucial industrial policy had been sabotaged precisely by Wilson and his majority cabinet.

Just as the right to say 'no' was the right claimed by union delegates in the early days of the Conference, so the right to be asked was the right demanded by rank and filers later on. For three years now, the party and union bosses have prohibited even a debate on the principle of MPs' reselection. Last year this became too embarrassing, and Ian Mikardo was charged with finding the compromise which this week lost him his cherished seat on the NEC.

Most of the orthodox Left supported his formula, which involved a vote of confidence for sitting MPs, but not their mandatory placing on a reselection shortlist. The Campaign for Labour Party Democracy, however, felt that this fell short of the full principle. They also felt that this year the unions would back them, and pointed to heavy swings in their favour among the big delegations. Hugh Scanlon's conduct since then has been sobering for the naive.

Union leaders mumble at the game but dare not bite, and on the crucial day they felt they had defied the platform enough. It was especially appropriate, then, that the MPs who spoke against reselection did so on trade union grounds of job security and fair conditions of work for themselves. So if the Conference had any theme, it was that of the limits of disobedience. This is better than the dummy conferences we have seen in past years, but it leaves unhealed the basic rift between the union top brass and the constituency militants who remain poor bloody infantry whichever bloc decides the 'major' questions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The high risks of the new Money Game

Europe's finance ministers are preoccupied with little but international exchange rates and the levelling of currency balances. **Stuart Holland** examines what this could mean for the British and European Left.

The Seventies have seen the demise of Keynesian dominance in international economic policies, and the rise of monetarism blue in teeth and claw. The new initiative on monetary union is inextricably linked with the advent of the age of monetarism: a theory which, because of its antipathy to state intervention, militates against precisely those economic policies which many social democrats have argued should parallel monetary union. The disciplines which monetarism demands as its price for the grail of pure economy include not only limits to the rate of increase of the money supply but thereby limits to public spending and welfare budgets. Its mechanisms are those by which the weak help the strong and the strong help themselves.

Not surprisingly, the strong do not see it this way. The West Germans reckon that they have brought unemployment and inflation down by credit and public expenditure restraint, and that others should do likewise. They overlook the fact that domestic inflation in West Germany is low partly *because of* the successive revaluations of the Mark: i.e. the revaluations which would be ruled out by narrowing exchange rate fluctuations or abolishing separate currencies in monetary union. They also choose to overlook the fact that registered unemployment is lower than the real unemployment caused by their definition and expenditure restraint. The simple reason is that more than two thirds of a million 'guest workers' had their invitations at the work table revoked, and went home. Germany did not avoid unemployment through monetarism. She exported it.

Monetarist orthodoxy is deeply entrenched in government circles in Bonn, which talk in moral terms of 'discipline' versus 'laxity' in public spending. But it is often widely ignored that the German government lacks key powers over the money market, and thus the economy. Partly in reaction to the abuse of government power under the Nazis, the government can influence appointments to the board of the central *Bundesbank*, but not the policies of the bank itself. Nor does it control the budgets of the individual *Lander*, or State governments.

This is one of the reasons why bankers' thinking on economic management predominates in Germany. Frequently ignorant of concepts relevant to modern economic policy, the bankers endorse monetary disciplines because they appear a simple extension of the orderly house-keeping with which they claim to manage their private affairs. Thus they abhor the principle of unbalanced budgets – and the need to run deficits to raise employment and recover ouput – stressed by Keynes.

Their abhorrence reinforces a further, frequently overlooked obligation on the West German government – written into the federal constitution – to keep its budgets balanced. Thus both in dominant ideology, and formal policy commitment, the West Germans are locked into a basically deflationary system. It is export demand abroad which keeps Germany moving – at the cost of many countries' reverse import deficits. At home, she is the Deflationary State *par excellence*.

It is crucial that the new Schmidt-Giscard alliance cemented at Aachen a fortnight ago does not lock the rest of Europe into a similar system through efforts to align currencies as a prelude to monetary union. For other, weaker economies, it would be a prelude to little less than an economic crash.

Those who imagine otherwise might look at the attitude of the West German government to the economic crisis in Portugal. In the poorest country in Europe, one third of whose balance of payments deficit is actually in cereals and food products, the advocates of economic 'discipline' in the IMF have found themselves outclassed by the iron chancellor of the Federal Republic, who has made cuts in public expenditure the condition of granting German funds for an IMF loan which anyway would meet only half of one year's current payments deficit.

With nowhere else to go, having emerged from Bad Godesberg via Bonn, the Portuguese Socialist Party under Mario Soares toed the line on the IMF terms. The Social Democrats, on the Right, shrewdly did not. The second Soares government fell after his Christian Democratic partners had taken time to denounce the IMF terms, leaving the Socialists outflanked in their endorsement of a policy which is raising the price of gas, electricity, public transport, interest rates – and unemployment, now running at a dramatic 15 per cent.

Of course it is just possible that the West Germans currently are questioning whether the terms which they imposed via the IMF might conceivably be related to the political crisis in Portugal. Yet these terms stem in large part from monetarism itself, which looks set to be established on an EEC level – through the Bremen formula. The Bremen arrangements (as stressed in *Le Monde* in recent weeks) are being discussed with specific reference to a European Monetary Fund – our own Euro IMF – which will be dominated by West Germany, a Mark zone, and an economic philosophy as outdated as the gold standard.

Ten years ago such rampant reaction in economic thinking and policy was limited only to a few banking and academic circles. The Werner, Barre and Marjolin Reports on monetary union in fact stressed a different, more Keynesian strategy, including medium-term planning and structural intervention, as preconditions for approach to a single currency in monetary union.

What has changed, of course, has been the combination of unemployment and inflation with a fiscal crisis of the modern capitalist State. In Britain, having given public subsidies and tax rebates to the private sector on a scale which has reduced effective corporation tax on big business to virtually zero, the Treasury have found that they cannot cover sustained public spending through tax receipts rather than borrowing. Rather than reflate demand and tax the resulting increase in corporate income, they have opted to dish any commitment to full employment and public spending and thrown several hundred thousands onto the dole.

In effect, the social democratic commitment to Keynesian policies of high public spending, and high welfare, has at best become a ritual celebrated by those who have lost their faith, and at worst a heresy for new converts to the gospel of Milton Friedman, resurrecting simplisms buried for the most part of a generation.

What Europe now needs – in or out of the Community of Nine – is not *de*flation but *re*flation, and less a return to pre-Keynesian orthodoxies than an advance beyond Keynesian intervention.

Ironically, such a counter-policy to the present proposals for monetary union was made to the EEC Commission in 1976 by a committee including this author, the Head of the Belgian Plan, a former Deputy Head of the French Plan, and the Head of Economics at the German TUC (DGB). The so-called Maldague Report argued that the current economic crisis was less a symptom of monetary disorder or raised oil prices than a failure of the dynamic of postwar capitalist development itself.

The report maintained that we needed more, not less public expenditure, to generate the demand to pull us out of the current depression. It also claimed that we needed more, not less planning, but different in style and essence from the capitalist indicative planning which already had fallen into disrepute. Further, the report argued that any progress to higher stages of integration in the EEC should be conditional on joint international decision-making, rather than disciplines via a Euro-IMF, with progress to a new mode of development, based on widened public intervention and enlarged social services, rather than regress to joint deflation.

The 'visionary' Commission was so excited by this counter-policy to monetary union that it broke virtually all precedents in refusing to release it not only to the press or the European Assembly, but even internally within its own bureaucracy. So much for the kind of keen debate which we can expect from directly elected members of a European Assembly reliant on the Commission for information on new options.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andrew Roth: Mrs Thatcher and the upstarts

A cynical and witty Tory MP was beside himself with mirth. A well-born Conservative dinner-partner had just been assuring him, with great conviction, that the Leader was in truth the daughter, not of a modest Grantham grocer, but of a local duke. The story illustrates tensions which may be concealed behind a carefully stage-managed unity at next week's Tory conference – but which, nonetheless, Margaret Thatcher will have to resolve at some point on her quest for supreme power.

The Tory Party likes to pretend that the governing class is stable and immutable – while at the same time liking to refresh its energies, and its electoral image, by recruitment from the ranks of the self-made. Without doubt, there are some raw, ambitious new social-climbers in or near the Tory leadership today: for the moment at least old money and old privilege remain preponderant, and there is plenty of Party sentiment that would like to keep it that way. Sentiment aside, the truth about the changing Conservative Party is that the more it broadens, the more reactionary it threatens to become.

In order not to alarm moderately-inclined voters, considerable effort will be expended next week on smoothing over this harsh talk: a process which will be exemplified in discussion of the motion on education. The Tories, we shall be informed, are great supporters of comprehensive schools. All they want is to improve them to the quality of such older comprehensives as Eton, and the defender of this thesis will be the exotic dandy Norman St-John Stevas – from the same liberal-Tory line as Edward (Lord) Boyle, and as much a public-school product.

Remarkably, the Lancashire-accented bark which will not be heard in the education debate will be that of Dr Rhodes Boyson, voice of the Tameside rebels, and leader of the campaign to turn the educational clock back to the nineteen-thirties when – as he puts it – a spinner's son like himself could ascend the grammar-school ladder so rapidly as to become in due course one of the youngest headmasters in the country.

However, the leadership will not be able to silence Dr Boyson entirely, and he will be heard at numerous fringe meetings, irrepressibly enthusing the faithful with demands for the denationalisation of the railways and the Post Office, employing for the purpose a demagoguery worthy of Huey Long.

The Tory leaders have always understood the need to have a reasonable number of vigorous, non-aristocratic recruits to the party – even if, at times, their enthusiasm requires to be damped-down a little. But the process of recruitment has always been difficult to arrange, because the process of invigoration is imperfectly understood by Tories further down the line, who tend to resent 'upstarts'. Because of their modest backgrounds, the teacher's son Enoch Powell and the carpenter's son Edward Heath were repeatedly rejected by selection committees in safe Tory areas between 1945 and 1950. They finally made it via marginal seats.

Indeed, the social composition of the Tories in the Commons changes substantially only when a big Tory advance brings in marginal-seat MPs. Thus, the 1959 victory which gave Harold Macmillan a 100-seat majority brought with it a new breed of lower-middle-class voices, particularly from the Midlands. Embarrassingly for the the Tory leadership, some of these, like Harold Gurden of Selly Oak, began to give voice (well before Enoch Powell be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"WILL YOU STILL NEED ME, WILL YOU STILL FEED ME, WHEN I'M ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-FOUR?"

New OMNI Magazine does not contain Ten Tasty recipes for weekend left-overs.

New OMNI Magazine does not contain Handy Hints for Hyacinths.

New OMNI Magazine does not contain go-faster tips for Morris 1000s.

Science fact and science fiction, first issue on sale now at W. H. Smith, John Menzies and other leading newsagents.

New OMNI Magazine does contain 'Some of Us May Never Die.' The current knowledge explosion indicates that life extension is inevitable.

New OMNI Magazine does contain 'Listening For Life.' Radio signals beamed from some distant planet bringing evidence that we Earthlings are not alone.

New OMNI Magazine does contain 'Found' by renowned science fiction writer Isaac Asimov: the story of space parasites hungry for metal on which they thrive.

New OMNI Magazine does contain 'The Turin Shroud'. Is computer analysis about to reveal that Christendom's most baffling relic is in fact a photograph of Christ?

New OMNI MAGAZINE

TOMORROW'S MAGAZINE TODAY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came a convert) to the distaste for immigrants which was felt by many unpolished Tory voters.

Generally speaking, these rough diamonds were left to sparkle on the back benches – Ernest Marples being the obvious exception. Sir Gerald Nabarro's vast self-esteem was not reflected in promotion to office, and Sir Cyril Osborne found the party of his choice incurably class-conscious. Among the Tories, he used to moan, 'it's the bed you were born in or the one you climbed into that decides.' If there is an afterlife, Sir Cyril must be smiling grimly at the fact that the present Tory leader married into the hereditary upper middle-class and that a good quarter of the replacements in the twenty-odd safe Tory seats that have recently fallen vacant have gone to Old Etonian scions of the upper-orders.

But for all that, what is significant is that Rhodes Boyson, the Nabarro of his generation, has achieved the rank of deputy spokesman on education – and that there is a Tory leader who is suspected of having a basic emotional sympathy with the socially-aspiring reactionaries.

Boyson is by no means the senior infiltree from the backstreets. That distinction goes to Teddy Taylor, the fast-talking, hard-working Glasgow populist, whom Mrs Thatcher promoted to Scottish spokesman when the Scottish Tories split over devolution. Taylor, a counter-devolutionist, had long chafed under the command of Alick Buchanan-Smith, MP for North Angus and son of Lord Balerno. Thatcher's switch not only reversed Heath's pro-devolution line – which Buchannan-Smith had supported – but changed the social colouring of a section of the party long dominated by Etonian Anglo-Scots. Taylor's hard work, in their eyes, had never compensated for the fact that he was the son of a stockbroker's clerk from the back-streets of Glasgow, adhering to Methodism, teetotalism, the birch, the rope, Powellite views on immigration and a mighty loathing of the EEC.

The question is how much further Mrs Thatcher can – and wishes to – advance such course hardliners. There was much amusement early this year when Julia Langdon in *Labour Weekly* labelled Thatcher and her immediate advisers the 'Gang of Four'. Certainly people like Norman Tebbit, the poison-tongued ex-journalist and airline pilot, George Gardiner, yet another ex-journalist, and Airey Neave, the perpetual refugee from Colditz, are very unlike the customary intimates of Tory leaders. But Mrs Thatcher's authority is in no way equivalent to that which Madame Mao briefly achieved, and none of the Gang control an area equivalent to Shanghai.

The existing Shadow Cabinet is still dominated by polished characters who inherited or married, old or anyway tolerably well-matured money. Whitelaw has imposing Scottish industrial holdings; Joseph comes from the Bovis construction family; John Peyton inherited wealth; Sally Oppenheimer comes from the Viner cutler family, and married a millionaire; Ian Gilmour's money is inherited, ultimately, from successful brewers; Francis Pym's from agriculture. The range, essentially, is between the massive wealth of Lord Carrington to the solid prosperity of St-John Stevas, Patrick Jenkin or Michael Heseltine.

Mrs Thatcher herself is poised uneasily between the two types. She may only have confessed recently that she sometimes has a cry when she gets home. But her behind-the-scenes explosions in Westminster and in City boardrooms – not so far reported to include tears – have convinced her colleagues that there are volcanic conflicts beneath the Dresden china exterior and behind the elocution-teacher's speech.

Her social ambiguities surface from time to time – as when, in an interview devoted to projecting her image as a simple housewife, she tells a journalist that she would not have touched any but an English-speaking nanny for her twins. She is then apt to bridle at the interviewer's hostile response.

'I am going to marry a rich man and then go into politics', she half-joked to a colleague in the Oxford University Conservative Club. The sequence, in the event, was rather different: she fought the hopeless seat of Dartford in 1950 and in 1951 as Margaret Roberts, the youngest female Tory candidate in the country, a darker and chubbier version of the leader we know now. She said publicly that she wanted to be the first woman Chancellor, but without doubt she understood by then that it was not something very likely to happen to a research chemist earning £8, and then £9 a week at British Xylonite in Manningtree and at Joe Lyons' lab in London.

Ascent became more feasible after she married Denis Thatcher in 1951. Having inherited the Atlas Preservative Company and sold it to Burmah Oil, he was able – by paying, among other things, for English-speaking nannies – to provide her with the right circumstances to get through her Bar exams. Thereafter, of course, she was projected into the far more properly Tory world of the Chancery bar.

Her fundamentalist beliefs, then, are at odds with the reality of her career and this may account for the ferocity with which she insists on them. The practical result is something of a gap between her and the Tory Party's traditional supporters: stories are legion about acrimonious disputes in private meetings between Mrs Thatcher and company directors. In reply to statements about the need to work realistically with the existing, rather than an ideal, union structure, she is apt to talk about the need to 'stand up'. She has been known to volunteer that if she has her way she will dispense with all economic aids and controls, except control of the money supply.

The result is that few Tory industrialists or businessmen come away entirely happy from a Thatcher encounter. Nineteen out of twenty will probably still vote Tory, and contribute to Party funds – but from habit, rather than enthusiasm. They tell each other that there is much to be said for a hung Parliament, with Jim Callaghan and Denis Healey fighting to preserve the five per cent ceiling.

Next week's conference clearly has as a principal aim the reassurance of such unhappy agnostics. By debating only goodness-and-light motions, by taping – partially at least – the mouth of Rhodes Boyson, by having a balanced wind-up speech from Mrs Thatcher herself, the intention is to reconvince those still fumbling with their chequebooks that the real peril to their interests comes from the 'wild men' of the Labour Left, rather than from a few rough-hewn radical right-wingers gathered hopefully around Mrs Thatcher's skirts.

This emollient ceremony out of the way, we may be able to get a clearer idea of where Mrs Thatcher is heading, and whom she would like to promote. A good many leading Tories are convinced that she would like to divest the – in Tory terms – soft and 'left-wing' Jim Prior of his responsibility for union affairs, and turn him out to graze again in agriculture.

Sir Geoffrey Howe would be more to her taste as a minister to deal with the unions. He is no rough diamond, in the Boyson manner, but he is no grandee either, and last January when Jim Prior was out of the country he made a speech accusing the unions of trying to take Britain 'down the Soviet road'. He added that 'fundamental' changes were required in the role of unions, which was neatly calculated to remind people that he was the architect of the unhappy Industrial Relations Act of 1971. His grandfather, a Liberal trade-union pioneer in the tinplate industry must have turned again in his grave.

While Mrs Thatcher's head tells her that the union doctrine according to Prior is sensible, her emotions – formed in the backstreets of Grantham – make her long to put the unions 'in their place'. So far, Prior has always been able to talk Mrs Thatcher around because, with an election not so far away, she needs his conciliatory reputation rather as Sir Winston Churchill used to need Sir Walter Monckton.

The odds, then, are rather against Sir Geoffrey, let alone any more fundamentalist social-climber. Mrs. Thatcher may have to accommodate herself to the idea that, for the moment, the Tory Party's new populists of the right have made all the ground they can short of a sweeping Conservative victory and an influx of zealots from the marginal seats. Tensions pull in both directions, but for the moment the Tory Party remains principally agnostic, even if the long-term trend points in other directions.

DO YOU KEEP YOUR NS?

If you keep back numbers of the NEW STATESMAN for reference, why not use an elegant red easy-binding case? Each binder, with the title gold-blocked on the spine, holds 26 issues; copies can be added week by week to build up a complete volume.

Price £3 each, or £5.00 for two including postage to any address in the world.

Send cash with order to

Binders, New Statesman,
10 Great Turnstile,
London WC1V 7HJ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tana de Zulueta: Smiles and snarls in the Vatican

Only thirty-four days after the last Papal elections the Catholic Church has to choose another Pope. The Cardinals will all flock back to Rome and the negotiations of another conclave will be set wearily in motion all over again. Once again the world may well forget that beyond the bishops, the Cardinals and the news from the Curia, there is quite another side to the Catholic Church – even in Italy. This 'parallel church' has been growing steadily, and in as many as one in three Italian parishes there are dissenting groups in open conflict with their bishops.

While the Pope was being elected this summer and the Vatican polished its image of internal consensus with the shortest Conclave in history, a Calabrian bishop in the South of Italy was bringing some of his flock to court – for 'trespassing' in their own church. For three years, in defiance of the bishop but at the villagers' request, the local priest of the little village of Gioiosa Ionica has been celebrating mass and holding meetings in the parish church. The priest is much loved for being a champion of the poor – this is the poorest province in Italy. He is, however, politically awkward, particularly since he publicly denounced the mafia connections of some of the local clergy.

There are many more priests in his predicament, all entrenched in their local communities, embattled against their bishops, but deeply committed to their pastoral mission. What makes their superiors doubly suspicious is that they don't hesitate to join forces with local left-wing groups. This must be the first time that the traditional old women of Gioiosa Ionica, with their black shawls and headscarves, have found themselves as militants on the same side as the local Communists and union members.

So many of these dissenting groups have mushroomed up all over Italy that even conservative Jesuits talk of a 'parallel church'. Certainly there was plenty of solidarity from all over the country when the villagers of Gioiosa Ionica held their summer 'festa' in honour of their patron saint, San Rocco – again against the bishop's orders. It was a curious sight, with the processions and statues of saints, people dancing in streets, the odd red banner, and the baroque stucco of the village church plastered with notices proclaiming that 'the church belongs to the people'.

The germ of dissent has even spread to Rome, where one of its leading communities is headed by the ex-abbot of the Dominican abbey of San Paolo Fuori Mura. (As abbot, Giovanni Franzoni attended the Vatican Council in 1964.) The church's troubles in Italy, he claims, all go back to the recommendations of Vatican II – only he, like many others, took its message more literally than the rest of the Italian hierarchy. He changed his style of preaching and began directly involving the congregation in his services, only to be reproved by the Curia when one of his followers proclaimed in mass that he was ashamed to be a Catholic because the Church was financially corrupt. It was at a time when the Vatican bank had been speculating on the dollar, a fact which had even been deplored by international bankers.

A few years later Dom Franzoni resigned as abbot, set up his own religious community and published a well-documented investigation of Vatican property speculation in Rome entitled *The land belongs to God*. Later he published *My kingdom is not of this world*, denouncing Vatican interference in secular affairs and advising people to vote according to their consciences in the national referendum on divorce. He was promptly suspended. After the June 1976 elections and the unprecedented gains of the Italian Communist Party Dom Franzoni was finally 'reduced to the lay state' for having declared that he would vote Communist.

> 'In exchange for Church charity, Catholic loyalty is expected.'

Revolutionary priests aren't a new phenomenon, particularly in Latin America. But as Dom Franzoni says, 'In Italy we live under the mantle of the Vatican. Around the Pope there has to be an area of silence'. The silence, however, was soon broken. The first parish church to be taken over by its congregation was in the Florentine suburb of Isolotto. The priest there had irritated the bishop by letting his church be used by a group of workers on strike – something which even in Franco's Spain the bishops were tolerating. To this day, however, the banned priest and his followers say a weekly mass in the square in front of the church of Isolotto.

It was after the referendum on divorce which the Church lost in 1974 that the real Vatican repression began. Even the mild Cardinal of Venice, who reigned so briefly as Pope John Paul, disciplined priests who hadn't toed the Vatican line on the abolition of divorce, and dissolved the students' religious community of San Trovaso. Deprived of their church, the group and their priest have tried in vain to be allowed to use one of Venice's old disused churches.

The real roots of Catholic dissent, however, go much deeper. What Catholics like Dom Franzoni really object to is the age-old alliance between the political establishment and the Church. While the Concordat treaty lasts the Catholic Church will continue to hold unique privileges in Italy: it still runs thousands of good works, schools, hospitals and pension funds, all on government money but on its own terms. This gives the Church enormous power in the social services, education, and even in handing out jobs.

In exchange for Church charity, of course, Catholic loyalty is expected. It's a sort of swap arrangement whereby the Church gets to run welfare and in exchange gives the Christian Democrats its political support. This is particularly true in the poorer South where at election time it's still quite normal for priests to campaign from the pulpit, to ring the church bells when their candidate wins, and in one village the local priest even refused to bless the houses of those he suspected of voting Communist or Socialist.

Against this stifling political background no wonder that Church dissent takes on such desperate intensity, particularly in areas like Calabria where the mafia is yet another oppressor. In a village like Gioiosa Ionica merely collecting signatures takes courage – yet even illiterate people left their mark to show their support of the priest who had challenged both the mafia and the bishop. In August the mafia retorted by blowing up the church's one van.

Against this background the last Conclave and the election of Pope John Paul was an impressively successful public relations operation. It belied all the rumours of a Third World revolt against the Curia, or of a confrontation between Cardinals of the Left and Right. At a time when, as Dom Franzoni says, 'every other world conference degenerates into political skirmishes, the Vatican managed to present itself as a smiling island'. Pope John Paul's Church was to be, in his own words, 'a loving mother'. Who was to remember that he was the Candidate of the Curia and the Italian establishment? The question, of course, is whether they will be able to pull it off again.

THEOSOPHY
THE WISDOM RELIGION

Theosophy is a restatement of the eternal truths behind all the world's religions. It is a comprehensive non-sectarian, non-dogmatic religious philosophy, incorporating knowledge of Nature's inner laws and processes. All serious religious scholars and aspirants should have some knowledge of at least its basic principles.

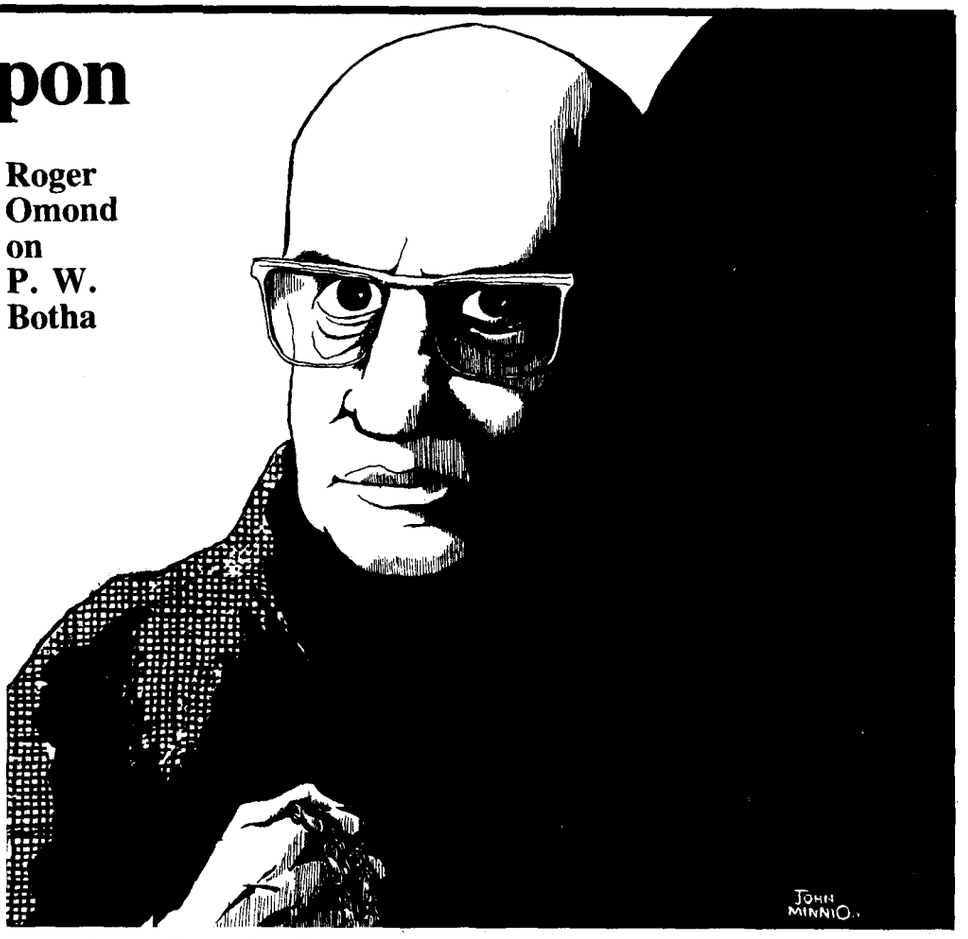
Write for information to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)
PO Box 16, London W3 6HS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Piet the Weapon

Roger Omond on P. W. Botha



Vorster is retiring, but not apartheid, commented a representative of the Pan-Africanist Congress last week as the ruling party in South Africa prepared to elect a new Prime Minister. With P. W. Botha as the new leader, the best that can be said is that South Africans of all races are in for a testing time. Botha is a dangerous man (a description that he is unlikely to dispute if he knows that it comes from his Left), an emotionally volatile politician, with an impatience for dissent that borders on the dictatorial.

Helen Suzman once said of him: 'If he was female, he would arrive in Parliament on a broomstick.' Another Opposition MP remarked that he did party organising (the job he is best at) with a bicycle chain at his side. A fellow-Afrikaner, Van Zyl Slabbert, who belongs to the Progressive Federal Party, said: 'His bloodlust makes Count Dracula look like a Highveld mosquito.'

Botha's alleged *verligtheid* (moderation) on racial matters is minimal, despite the encouraging words that some foreign correspondents have had to say about it as they searched around for something nice in the new Prime Minister's political make-up. He is *verligte* only to the extent that he sees it necessary for white survival to bring the conservative leaders of the Coloured and Indian people onto the side of the *volk* against the blacks. This is a latter-day conversion and after 30 years of apartheid in which Coloureds have been mercilessly squeezed out of their homes, jobs and political representation in the 'white' Parliament, the chances of any kind of meaningful alliance are slim.

Ten years ago, Botha's *verligte* conscience suffered not a public flicker as the Government dispossessed the Coloured voters in the Cape Province of their traditional four MPs and a few Senators. Botha claimed that a few years before the then-Prime Minister, Hendrik Verwoerd, had been planning to remove the Coloureds from the Cape voters' roll even while he was saying publicly that he would do no such thing. Opposition MPs and the English-language press doubted whether this was accurate: whatever else might be said about Verwoerd he was politically straight-forward. Botha erupted – something he is prone to do under the slightest stress. At a cocktail party for the press a few days later, he shook his finger under the nose of a senior journalist and said that if anything similar was written about him in the future, 'I'll fuck you up.' Not for nothing is he known as 'Piet the Weapon'.

Botha made his reputation as a party organiser and Minister of Defence: significantly he will keep the Defence portfolio for the forseeable future, just as Vorster kept control of the police when he became Prime Minister. In 1966 Nationalists perceived internal security as the main need: today defence against external 'aggression' ranks as an equal priority as the *laager* draws tighter. Botha has limited use for diplomacy – and even less ability to exercise it. In 1974 he accused Colin Eglin, leader of the Progressive Federal Party, of consorting with 'friends of murderers and rapists' by talking to President Kaunda of Zambia. A few weeks later Vorster himself held the famous summit with Kaunda at the Victoria Falls.

Botha's most notorious outburst was in the minutes following the Verwoerd assassination, when he stormed over to Helen Suzman in the House of Assembly as Verwoerd lay dying and accused her 'and her kind' of creating a climate for murder. He was later ordered to apologise publicly.

Botha is a machine politician. He has been in the National Party all his life as a party organiser, MP since 1948 and Cabinet Minister for more than 15 years. In all activities he has been dedicated and ruthless; the needs of the party have been paramount and they are likely to remain so.

As organiser he helped drive out members of the extreme Ossewa Brandwag (which included Vorster and the former head of BOSS, Henrik van den Bergh, both detained for their anti-war activities in the organisation) from the party. A few years later, in the early 1950s he helped smash the liberal Torch Commando which once looked as if it might oust the National Party in a popular, all-white, rebellion.

Botha has always followed party orders loyally: now he is in a position to dictate the orders himself. Judging by his actions as Minister of Defence, South Africa is in for yet another spell of *kragdadigheid* – which can loosely be translated as the smack of firm government. In this he will be looking constantly over his Right shoulder at the man he beat for the premiership, Dr Connie Mulder. But Botha's own instincts are firmly on the side of authoritarianism as it is: he lacks Vorster's occasional pragmatism or Verwoerd's vision of separate development as an intellectual dream to be applied at all costs. He was the foremost advocate in Cabinet of South Africa's invasion in 1975 of Angola and the Minister who applied press censorship during that spell of adventurism so tightly that the outside world knew more about the incursion than the parents of the youths doing the fighting. He also totally opposed any handover of Namibia to SWAPO, figuring, probably correctly, that they would win an election in the territory.

As 'his' soldiers continue the war against SWAPO guerillas in Namibia, Botha is privately cynical about the amount of time he has to spend attending the funerals of the troops. Some parents of national servicemen are less than enamoured of Botha: the father of one South African PoW just released after two years in Angola walks out of the room every time Botha appears on television. He alleges that Botha did little concrete to help secure the release of the PoWs.

Botha the cynic is at his best when the Tammany Hall instincts take over. A few years ago he masterminded a by-election at Oudtshoorn on a platform of naked *Boerehaat* (hatred of the Afrikaners) and had his party men say flatly that anybody who did not vote for the National Party was an enemy of the *volk*. Yet he has done more than most other provincial leaders to bring English-speakers into the party.

As Cape leader of the party, Botha has carefully vetted those due for promotion:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Ministers from the Cape tend to be dull and grey with little following of their own. Rebels like Piet Marais of Morresburg (who holds *verligte* views on the Coloured people) have been excluded from power. Botha rewards loyalty – much to the gratitude of his voters in the George constituency, which has grown remarkably under his patronage. But he has few close friends in the caucus: he is a loner, unapproachable, uncharismatic, only an average public speaker until his temper runs away with him when his menacing rhetoric has them stamping in the aisles.

In National Party terms, Botha's career as Minister of Defence must be counted a success. He is said to be a good administrator, and was praised by the weak United Party opposition for letting the generals get on with the job without too much political interference. But when he was given his head over Angola, the bloodlust took over and damaged his reputation.

Botha has a short way with dissent. When a few Christians began to question whether fighting for apartheid could be considered a just war, he amended the Defence Act to increase the penalties for counselling conscientious objection to those serving in the Defence Force. His democratic instincts are on par with Police Minister Kruger. He has deliberately fostered a war psychosis: his latest declaration that South Africa will not bend to the forces of 'Marxism' (others call it a struggle for freedom), provides a chilling prospect.

War and peace in Japan

Mr Toshio Komoto, Japan's Minister of International Trade and Industry has just returned from a visit to Peking, where he discussed extending a major new reciprocal trade agreement signed between the two countries last February. MURRAY SAYLE argues that the Sino-Japanese trade boom has dangerous militaristic overtones: not only is Japan busy building up its own defence forces, but it is also in a position to offer China a new technological advantage in its mounting cold war with the Soviet Union. Here he replies to his critics.

Professor Maramichi Inoki, chairman of Japan's new Peace and National Security Research Institute, objects to my description of his establishment (NS 8 September) as 'the first post-war lobbying organisation openly devoted to pushing up the (Japanese) defence budget'. He explains: 'We will concentrate on two studies, the first on how we can articulate the image of Japan as a peace-state, and the second on what the security balance will be in the late 1980s'.

I based my description on two things. First, the business groups who are funding Prof. Inoki's Institute are, as explained in my piece, publicly calling for increased defence spending. Second, so is Dr Inoki, according to the *Japan Times*, 4 January, 1978: 'Japan should double her defence spending over the coming decade to meet its obligations as a responsible member of the Free World, says Dr Masamichi Inoki'.

On the legality or otherwise of the Japanese Self Defence Forces, Prof. Inoki presents the official teaching of the Defence Academy in a most elliptical fashion: 'To Article 9 [the war-renouncing clause of the Japanese constitution] was added an extremely important clause which allowed us to build up our Self Defence Forces after we regained independence and sovereignty in 1952. By this sophisticated revision our Self Defence Forces are legal, not half-legal as Mr Sayle suggests.' Specifically, Article 9, as it came from the headquarters of General MacArthur in January 1946 made the following declarations:

> War as a sovereign right of the nation is abolished. Japan renounces it as an instrumentality of settling its disputes and even for preserving its own security. It relies on the higher ideals which are now stirring the world for its defence and protection. No Japanese Army, Navy or Air Force will ever be authorised and no right of belligerency will ever be conferred upon any Japanese force.

During the discussion of the draft in the Japanese Diet the following month, an amendment by Hitoshi Ashida (later Prime Minister) added two phrases: 'Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order' at the beginning of the first paragraph; and, at the beginning of the second paragraph, 'In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph . . .' These two phrases are Prof. Inoki's 'sophisticated revision'.

At the time, Ashida offered no explanation of the purpose of his amendment. *Five years later* he explained that the restrictive phrase 'to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph' meant that armed force was prohibited for the purpose of aggression but not self-defence. After years of litigation a minor court in the northern Japanese island did, in fact, declare the Self Defence Forces unconstitutional. This judgment was reversed by the Sapporo High Court in August, 1976, which ruled that 'the issue is beyond the scope of judicial deliberation. The matter is of a highly political nature and it is up to the judgment of the National Diet'. Professor Inoki's 'sophisticated revision', based apparently on a distinction between defensive and offensive arms which is ultimately meaningless, only adds further suspicion to the minds of the many who still cannot bring themselves to trust Japanese intentions.

A letter from A. Steinhausen (NS 15 September) calls me an alarmist, and I was, indeed, raising an alarm: fair enough. But he goes on: 'As there are no indications that Chinese military strategy has undergone any radical changes which would lead to the abandonment of "people's war", there seems little reason to fear the Chinese provoking war with the USSR. What is taking place is a commitment on the part of the Chinese leadership to resist invasion by their northern neighbours.' Here we have the same empty distinction: my arms are for defence, yours are for aggression. However, the very week Mr Steinhausen was writing his letter, the deputy Chief of Staff of the Chinese People's Liberation Army, Chang Tsai-chien, made an eight-day utterly unprecedented visit to Japan, conferred with Japanese generals and business leaders, and at his own request visited two big Japanese manufacturers: Fujitsu, one of the world's biggest computer firms who make sophisticated fire control gear and anti-aircraft predictors for the SDF, and Nippon Electric, the prime contractor to the Ground SDF for field radios and microwave communications equipment. Defensive this kind of equipment may very well be, but it has no use in 'people's war.'

Mr Steinhausen says I underestimate the importance of the Japanese insistence on the inclusion of Article IV in the recent Sino-Japanese peace and friendship treaty, adding 'one should not underestimate Japan's ability to keep both sides sweet' (in the Sino-Soviet conflict.) Well, as of now both sides are not sweet: one is jubilant and the other furious. Tass, the Soviet newsagency says bluntly the treaty is aimed at the Soviet Union. Here is article IV:

> The present treaty shall not affect the position of either contracting party regarding its relations with third countries.

Now, I don't want to reopen old wounds, but the present Soviet leadership *have* old wounds: the Axis invasion of their country was the massive, shaping event of all their lives. In September 1940, Japan joined the Axis of Germany and Italy. Here is Article V of the Tripartite Pact:

> Japan, Germany and Italy affirm that the aforesaid terms do not in any way affect the political status which exists at present as between each of the three Contracting Parties and Soviet Russia.

As far as the Russians were concerned, Japan was the ally of the men who devastated their country.

In the historical record few people have shown such a sudden complete swing of mood as have Japanese — from total isolation for centuries to eager immersion in foreign ways, in the 1850s, from aggressive militarism in the 1930s ('Defensive', of course) to almost abject pacifism in the later 1940s. Japan *does* have formidable, even overwhelming industrial capacity; Japanese do have the ancient Samurai warrior code, admirable in many ways, sunk into the heart of their national identity. It may sometimes be true that arms are the way to peace, but if we listened uncritically to soldiers, defence intellectuals and arms manufacturers we could conclude that wars are caused exclusively by people without weapons.

The MINORITY RIGHTS GROUP'S
Latest Report
THE
HUNGARIANS OF RUMANIA
Available from MRG, 36 Craven St., London WC2N 5NG
Price 75p plus 15p postage & packing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Godfrey Hodgson in Washington, on the unreality of the White House

A born-again President: a dying Presidency

IN POLITICS, nothing succeeds like success. It is not yet three weeks since the night of Jimmy Carter's triumph when he sat grinning like a cat in sheer pleasure while the world's oddest couple, Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin, hugged each other like long lost brothers in front of a hundred million prime time television viewers. Since then, Carter's fortunes have been transformed. From April to August, his standing in the opinion polls bumped along only just clear of disaster level: around 40 per cent approval in Gallup, and sometimes as low as 30 per cent in Harris. The President's legislative programme was stuck deep in the congressional mire, and people alternately giggled and gossiped about a long series of minor scandals, blunders and gaucheries, most of them attributable to the White House inner circle of good ol' boys from Georgia.

Commentators ruminated about 'the competence factor'. And rumours proliferated: Carter would be a one-term president, Kennedy was getting ready to run against him – hell, was already running. So would Jerry Brown, the Governor of California. Some even said the President would be forced to retire in sheer frustration, and Carter himself publicly discussed the possibility that he might not run again in 1980.

Literally overnight that all changed. Washington has always been a place where the opinion formers were quicker on to a bandwagon than an anteater's tongue. But the last three weeks broke all records. By the end of the first week the *Wall Street Journal* – not always fulsome about Democratic presidents – had decided that Carter's 'brilliant success' had 're-established his presidency in fundamental terms'. The columnist, Joseph Kraft, whose attitude to Carter in the past has been a barely concealed sniffiness towards a hick from Dixie, hastened to pronounce that the President had made 'a first big step toward realising the promise of his presidency'. *Time* and *Newsweek*, the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of the instant opinion industry, inevitably led with the same phrase: BORN AGAIN!

Suddenly politicians who a month ago were turning their backs on the President reached out for his coat-tails. When he made a quick trip down to the Carolinas ten days ago to campaign for some underdog Democratic candidates there, even the North Carolina Republicans took a big ad in the paper to congratulate the President as peacemaker. More significantly, and in part coincidentally, the big logjam in Congress has suddenly cleared. Carter is going to get a bill to deregulate natural gas, an important part of his energy policy. He's going to get a civil service reform bill. The tax bill that will emerge from Congress will be less unrecognisable from Carter's original proposal than anyone could have believed a month ago. And the newfound prestige may persuade the Soviet Union to negotiate a strategic arms limitation treaty by the end of the year, as Carter hopes, and even persuade the Senate hawks to accept it. (We shall see.) But no wonder the atmosphere inside the White House is sunny with an unmistakable feeling of rediscovered confidence and purpose.

Still, if it wasn't as bad as they said before, it isn't as good as they say now. The appalling Washington summer weather has one particularly tormenting trick. For days the humidity hangs over the city like a miasma, drenching shirts and souring tempers. Then, one night, a sudden storm will clear the air. The next morning the city has a Mediterranean sparkle. Temperature: 70; humidity, 50 per cent. But over the next five days the temperature, 95; humidity 95 per cent. The miasma is back. Some similar process affects the city's political climate, so that already the spirit of Camp David is beginning to wear off.

ALREADY IT IS PERMISSIBLE to point out that, spectacular as the President's negotiating achievement was, some doubts remain. There is an embarrassing 'I-never-yes-you-did' argument going on between the President and Begin about the moratorium on new Israeli settlements. There is the dawning realisation that, however much progress may be made on the Sinai as a result of Camp David, the hardest issue of all, namely the future of the West Bank, is as unresolved as ever. And Camp David raises an even larger issue: is it really wise for an American president to stake so much of his credibility on an agreement whose ultimate success he cannot guarantee or even affect without being drawn deeper and deeper into the big sandy desert.

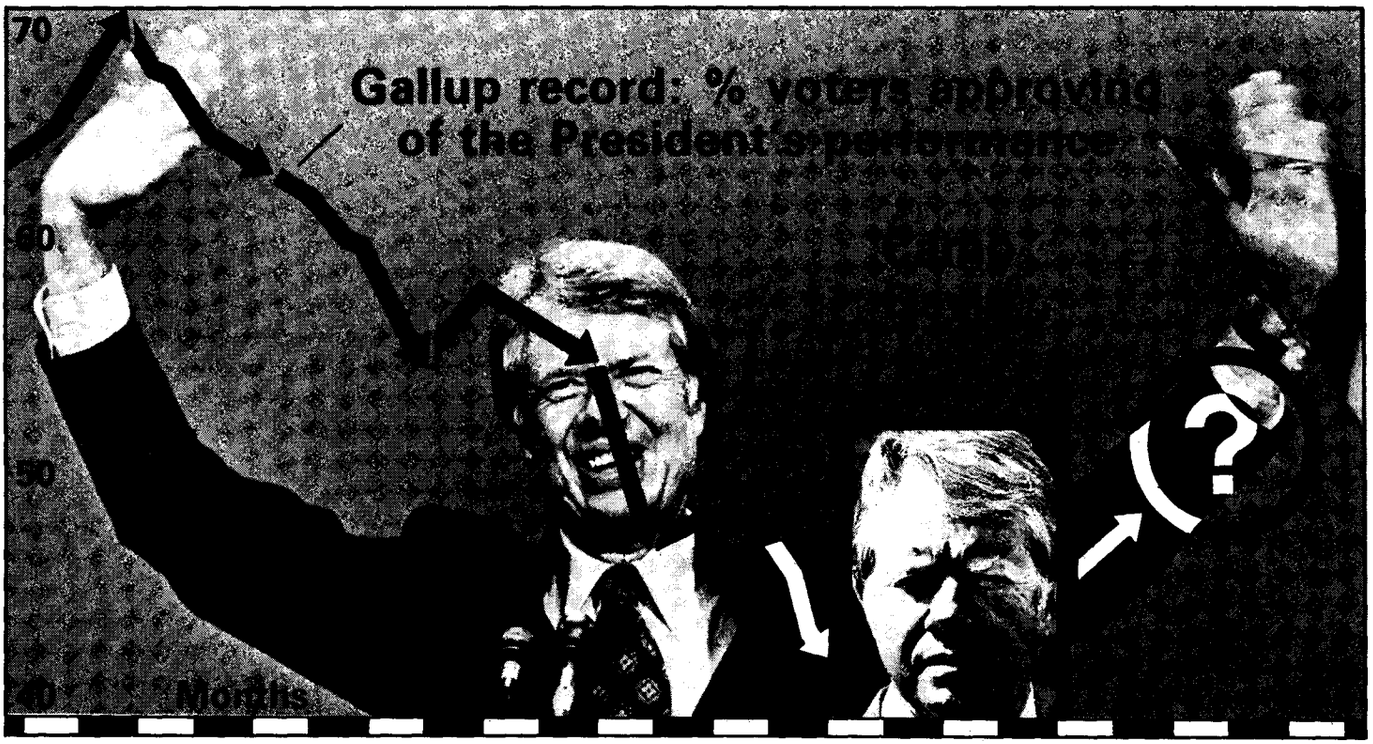
The truth is that the President's difficulties lie deeper than this bill, or that press campaign; deeper than even the most brilliant diplomatic triumph can reach. Indeed Camp David itself, in one sense, is a symptom of the frustration not only of this particular president, but of the presidency itself. Whatever the ultimate judgment on the agreement, it clearly falls into the pattern pointed out by Stephen Hess, now of the Brookings Institution, who worked for Nixon in the House, resigned in deep distaste before Watergate, and has written a remarkable book called *Organising The Presidency*. Hess points out that all modern presidents' first terms of office show a similar pattern. There is, first, a brief period of honeymoon after the inauguration. Then bewilderment, frustration, stories in the press about incompetence – this phase was accentuated in Carter's case because of his and his men's exceptional ignorance of how Washington works – all of which translates into sharply falling polls. The wolves, seeing the horses weakened, get ready to attack the sledge. The president realises that there is nothing he can do about the deep-seated problems of the society and the economy, the problems he rightly stressed in his election campaign, because he sensed how strongly the American people wanted them to be tackled; nothing, that is, that will achieve any measurable result in time to help him win stronger Congressional support in the first mid-term elections. And so, in search of quick political returns, he turns to foreign affairs. He invades Santo Domingo. Or he flies to Moscow or Peking. Or he invites the leaders of Israel and Egypt to come to Camp David.

Of course a president's responsibility for foreign policy is not invented for cynical political reasons. Some of the foreign policy actions he takes will be inevitable, and many of them will be wise. The fact remains that presidents turn to foreign adventures when they realise how Senator Mud and Congressman Snow are bogging down their grand army.

Of course the resistances to change in the real world abroad are as great, if not greater, than in the United States. It will be at least as slow a business to bring peace to the West Bank as to persuade Americans to waste less imported oil. But from the President's point of view – any president's point of view – it is not the real world that matters most. What counts is not the way Arabs will actually live in Nablus or Bethlehem a generation from now, but how he seems to be doing. And just as in the past a president's poll rating always jumped ten points if he struck a posture of resolute defiance towards some threatened advance of communism somewhere in the world, now the polls reward the president who seems to have seized a particle of 'peace'. Blessed, indeed, are the peacemakers.

THE TEMPTATION to pursue foreign diversions will remain, because the problems of the country remain intractable, and the power of presidents to do anything about them remains limited. Not, of course, that the inability of government to deliver the millennium is a uniquely American phenomenon. There are institutional thromboses in every advanced democracy, and in those countries where the symptoms of thrombosis are not present, it is generally because there is no democracy. The radical surgery of revolution, or commuter revolution, was successful, and the patient died. Still, we are talking about the United States, a country whose citizens make large claims for their system of government. The Presidency is the keystone of that system, in spite of the constitutional separation of powers, and in spite of some recent recapture of power at the Presidency's expense by the Congress. And the Presidency is in a state of institutional crisis. That was true before the temporary disgrace of born again Richard Nixon. It will still be true to Jimmy Carter a year from now, Camp David not-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



withstanding. And it will be true for his successor, two years from now, or six.

The twin causes of that crisis lie in the immense burden of expectation that a perplexed people lays at the door of the White House, and the President's limited ability to satisfy those expectations. To the extent that Americans invest their presidents with almost religious expectations – the President as rainmaker – while at the same time they deny him the effective powers that the executive enjoys in other systems, the institutional thrombosis is more acute here than elsewhere, even if the society's problems are not necessarily any more serious.

It is not so much that the President can do nothing. He can do a great deal. But somehow a gap remains between the scale of the problem, and the scope of the response. To take the most alarming example, everyone can see that, with the United States now importing close on half of its energy, and, partly as a result, running a balance of payments deficit that could well top $20 billion this year, a comprehensive national energy policy is urgently needed. Instead of which the President is delighted because it now looks as though he will persuade Congress to pass a bill to increase the price of domestic natural gas, and so, he hopes, to increase the supply. Not an unimportant measure, to be sure, and perhaps a wise one. But not by any stretch of the imagination a response commensurate with the scale of the problem.

One could make the same point about many other issues. In the election campaign Jimmy Carter struck a responsive chord when he talked about bureaucracy in Washington, and only last week he was urging his speechwriters to write the phrase 'taking control of the government' into his speeches. Yet all he has been able to achieve is a modest measure of civil service reforms. Again, most people here feel that the welfare system needs reform. Yet Carter had to drop any ideas of tackling it when faced with the opposition of the powerful Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. And so it goes with anybody's list of the major items on the national agenda: health care, tax reform, the control of inflation or the rescue of declining industries. The President can tinker more easily than he can tackle. He can do his best to educate: the White House is still, as Teddy Roosevelt called it, a 'bully pulpit.' But he finds it hard to lead.

THE VACUUM has been there a long time. Even before the First World War the strong presidents of the Progressive era, Woodrow Wilson and Teddy Roosevelt, understood the consequences of the way power was divided between the executive, the legislature and the judiciary under a constitution devised for an eighteenth century agrarian republic. Only the presidency could respond swiftly and with legitimate authority to national needs and national desires.

But it was under Franklin Roosevelt that the modern presidency was created in response to two national crises: the Depression and the Second World War. The President began to equip himself with instruments to fulfil his new role: a staff of White House assistants in 1939, a Council of Economic Advisers and a National Security Staff (not to mention a Central Intelligence Agency) in 1949. Gradually the power of the traditional cabinet departments began to decline as presidents turned more and more to their own men in the White House and relied less and less on bureaucracies whose loyalty was dubious.

Originally liberals welcomed the growth in the power of the presidency, because they saw it as the instrument to carry out their policies at home and abroad. And they had their reward in the astonishing burst of creative legislation in the first two years of Lyndon Johnson's tenure. Then came the Vietnam War. The President's energies were distracted, his prestige dissipated. The liberals' arch-enemy, Richard Nixon, captured the White House. But still the power and the pretensions of the 'imperial presidency' continued to expand, until the balloon burst.

For a time after Watergate, there was a predisposition to see the problem as Arthur Schlesinger did in his book, *The Imperial Presidency*. The power of the presidency had increased, and ought to be diminished. The previous Congress had already taken certain steps to limit presidential power in foreign affairs, the post-Watergate Congress set willingly about the task of trimming the President's domestic wings.

Now the pendulum has swung back. After talking to dozens of people here in the past three weeks – present and former White House aides, Congressmen, journalists and academics – I have found no one who believes that the presidency is too strong.

Instead the consensus agrees with the political scientist Aaron Wildavsky who had the courage to write at the height of the post-Watergate flap about the 'imperial presidency' that the problem was not that the presidency was too powerful, but that it was too isolated.

SOME PART of the problem comes from the atrophy of the mediating institutions through which the President is linked to the people. There are four chief such connecting rods: the bureaucracy, the party, the media, and the Congress.

Contrary to conservative myth, the Federal bureaucracy has not grown particularly fast. Certainly it has grown more slowly than the bureaucracies of state and local government, of the private corporations that subcontract many of the functions of government (such as Medicare) or the staff of the Congress itself, which now employs more than 22,000 people: one for every 154 employees of the Federal government. What is true is that the Federal bureaucracy in an important sense does not belong and does not respond to the President, but rather to the working of what

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political scientists call the 'triple-alliance' between special interest groups, their allies in Congress and in congressional staffs, and those parts of the bureaucracy that regard those interest groups as their true constituency. The classic example is the venerable complicity of 'pork barrel' public works projects, cooked up between Congressmen anxious to bring goodies to their districts, local interests in the districts, and the bureaucracies of the Army Corps of Engineers or the Bureau of Reclamation, who build the projects. Jimmy Carter is at this very moment preparing to veto a bill which among other things would spend $57 million on making a lake in Kentucky, whose principal benefits would go to *one* catfish farm. The President will have to work hard to sustain his veto on that bill. That is how little control he has in practice over one little corner of what is nominally 'his' executive bureaucracy. And there are many, many other such corners.

Party in the United States has atrophied almost out of existence. Jimmy Carter does not owe his election to the Democratic Party. He ran and won on his own, just as Congressmen and Senators increasingly run and win on their own. Twenty years ago politicians discovered that in television they had a way of appealing over the heads of the party to voters who were increasingly mobile, geographically and sociologically, and increasingly free from the traditional ties of class, ethnic group and geography out of which party loyalty was woven. Today the party can neither feed the people's wishes up to the President, nor act as a channel for his energies as a leader.

The power of the media, and in the first instance that of television, continues to grow, and presidents can still use it to communicate with the people, as Carter demonstrated with spectacular effect by his projection of his success at Camp David. But presidents have also learned that television can be a dangerous messenger. For one thing, television, (and in particular the nightly thirty minute network news shows which rarely devote more than ninety seconds to anything), simplifies complex national issues into a nightly ball game in which the President is seen only as winning or losing. And then all presidents since Eisenhower have complained, generally with some cause, that the media behave as adversaries.

Most serious of all, perhaps, are the presidency's problems with the Congress. It is true that Jimmy Carter has been more successful at passing legislation more or less along the lines of what he proposes than his more scathing critics thought he would be a few months ago. The catch is that, in order to have any hope of passing at all, the legislation often has to be neutered.

To an astonishing degree, moreover, Carter's successes with Congress, both in foreign and domestic affairs, have been won with Republican votes, and would not have passed had he been forced to rely on his own fellow Democrats. The fact is that there is a crisis of authority in Congress, especially in the House of Representatives. Roughly a third of the House arrived in Washington in the last four years. The old, authoritarian structures of leadership have been swept away, and power is now scattered among over 140 subcommittee chairmen in the House alone. Congressmen are more and more responsive to 'single issue pressure groups' – the pro-abortion people and the anti-abortion people, the environmentalists and the anti-environmentalists, the gun lobby and the women's lobby and literally hundreds of PACs (political action committees) who raise money for individual Congressmen's re-election expenses. One growing trend is for individual corporations to have their own PACs: more than 700 corporate PACs are now registered with the Federal Election Commission. More sinister still are the activities of professional fund-raisers, many of them of the far right, like Richard Viguery, who set up and co-ordinate multiple, ostensibly single-issue, fund-raising groups – in effect creating powerful ideological lobbies on the right of the political spectrum.

The President is not without resources, of course. Camp David demonstrated how deeply one side of America yearns to feel proud of the President, even if another side is deeply cynical about all politicians. Jimmy Carter is working hard at using the prestige of the White House to make propaganda for his policies. Last week, for example, he invited 370 hospital administrators into the White House to be lectured about the need for keeping health costs down. But the weakness of his means of acting on the society condemns him to endless detailed campaigns of this kind, so that a president can well feel he is being nibbled to death by mice.

It is far easier to take to the heights and to negotiate at the summit with a Sadat, a Begin or a Brezhnev. But then, as the columnist Mary McGrory wrote a few days ago, he must expect people to ask why, if he can bring peace to the Middle East or Southern Africa, he can't make the postal service work better, or get the votes counted properly in local elections. The answer is, of course, that given the power of the United States in the world, and the weakness of the President in the United States, the first kind of task is much easier than the second.

A Special Correspondent:

Sri Lanka: a scarlet and ermine comeback

Hulftsdorp Hill, named after a Dutch general who headed an army of occupation in Colombo *circa* 1650, is where Sri Lankan justice at its highest level is dispensed. Here on the hill are the Supreme Court, the District Court of Colombo, the Ministry of Justice, the chambers of the Attorney General and the Solicitor General, the office of the Legal Draftsman and Sri Lanka's Law College. From the very beginning Hulftsdorp was modelled on British traditions. Scarlet and ermine robes and full-bottomed wigs. QC's, m'luds – the lot.

At first when the judges were all Britishers no one thought it ludicrous that in Colombo's hot and humid climate they should wear such costumes. The ways of the conquerors were inexplicable. The effect was not to provoke amusement but rather to awe which no doubt was what the frippery was meant to do. Even when in the course of time only Ceylonese judges manned the Supreme Court they continued to wear the same trappings and to be addressed as 'Your Lordships', but by this time everybody was conditioned to the strange habiliments and exotic verbal rituals of those who did their thing on Hulftsdorp Hill. Litigants and witnesses who appeared before the courts were required to be 'properly attired' which in the case of those who wore trousers (known here as 'European costume') was understood to include jacket and tie.

It was Mrs Bandaranaike's 1970-77 government that thought the time had come when justice should seem to the people to have a human face and laid down that judges of the Supreme Court should no longer wear wigs and bands and gowns and that 'Your Honours' would be an adequate term of respect in addressing them.

Soon after this ruling a witness before a commission of inquiry comprising a retired Chief Justice and two serving puisne justices ordered a witness out of court on the ground that he was not properly attired. The witness was in the clothes he normally wore to work, bush shirt and slacks. A columnist of the *Ceylon Daily News* commenting on this episode said it was 'not in the spirit of the government's reforms' and asked whether a litigant was to be denied justice because his witness had nothing but bush shirt and slacks to wear to court. The editor of the paper was jailed for six months.

This is the background to Section 136(1)(h) of the new Jayewardene constitution which provides that the attire of judges, attorneys-at-law and 'persons attending the courts in Sri Lanka' will be determined by the Chief Justice and three puisne justices of his choosing – a matter one would scarcely have imagined to be of sufficient importance to be written into the constitution. At the first sitting of the new Supreme Court appointed by President Jayewardene under the new constitution the judges appeared in scarlet and ermine gowns and full-bottomed wigs. This is very much in line with the president's own *penchant* for pomp and pageantry. The Chief Justice commenting on the change said: 'The question has been asked me as to why we have adopted a past practice by donning robes. Far be it of us to be supercilious of everything past. Even the concept of justice, the rule of law and the common law administered in these courts are a heritage of the past. It was the consensus of opinion among us that a return to distinctive dress by the bench and bar was necessary. I can assure you that it was not a desire to be pompous that prompted it.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ Have you ever wished you were better informed? The question must be occurring with particular force to Sir Harold Wilson these days. Which of us does not remember the numerous occasions upon which he liked to show off his memory for detail? What can have happened to that famous total recall? That purring Rolls-Royce of a mind? To blow a fuse in Canada seems an ignominious end. As Mark Boxer pointed out brilliantly in *The Times* the other day, sanctions are at last beginning to bite. My own explanation of Sir Harold's erratic conduct is a more charitable one. His loyalty to Labour's cause has never been in doubt. He is now sacrificing even the last few shreds of his standing in order, by contrast, to make James Callaghan look good.

☐ No chance, of course, that the operation can succeed. Not all the perfumes of Araby can sweeten the name of Callaghan now. I spent a couple of days at Blackpool (even going to hear him read the lesson on Sunday morning, over which endeavour on your behalves I draw a veil) and the feeling is that the Stoker has blown it. There are those who think that October would have been bad, and there are those (most) who realise that the spring will be worse, much worse. Labour's great affliction (apart from decomposition) is sentimentality. Thus the same delegates who voted down five per cent on one day – as of course the TUC has effectively done these years past without changing anything – were moved by Callaghan's 'family' appeal the next. Eric Ambler got it right in *The Mask of Dimitrios* when he said:

> In a dying civilisation, political prestige is the reward not of the shrewdest diagnostician, but of the man with the best bedside manner. It is the decoration conferred on mediocrity by ignorance.

☐ Here is a question which nobody can be bothered to ask. Is there anything *at all* that Michael Foot will not do? I've never thought he was very nice, but there's something pitiable about his eagerness to fag for Callaghan, and to come to the microphone and take the Master's flak. Pay policy, government secrecy, expenditure cuts – you name it and Foot will find a windy justification for it. Even his hardened admirers were a touch appalled at his showing on an 'Any questions' platform at conference, where he enjoined his hearers, who were furious about the Bingham revelations, to remember the civil and human rights of those Ministers involved. That *must* be the end. Bertrand Russell said of Ramsay MacDonald that he 'would rather be considered a gentleman by his enemies than a comrade among his friends'. Foot to the life (if life is the word for the shrunken figure one saw).

☐ Touching this Bingham business, it's important to beware of the demand for a full public inquiry (though even that seems too much for our masters and betters in Downing Street). Inquiries and tribunals allow far too much bargaining to be done, and can confer immunity on people in return for testimony. Certainly the House of Commons, which has been lied to by the executive, should try and recover its authority with a Select Committee (Foot thinks a two-day debate would be better), but the 'inquiry' demand is originating from the FO and the Ministry of Defence, and the House might not call for 'persons and papers' as it ought. Many small fry were severely prosecuted for breaking sanctions orders, and unless we are to have a Latin American application of the law, so should the big fry be arraigned. It would be nice to see the Attorney General's reasoning on this, and very nice to see some fat faces in the dock for a change.

☐ So the 'defectors' have all brought out a book explaining why Thatcher is now their guiding star. Most of the renegades list comprises people we are well shot of (Prentice), people who were never very socialist anyway (Paul Johnson) or people whose opinions could not interest anybody (Edward Pearce of the delightful new *Daily Express*). But I think it's a real pity to lose Hugh Thomas. He won't thank me for saying so, but he is admired on the Left for his work on Spain – especially the updated version – and his essays on foreign policy and the Foreign Office. His extract in the *Sunday Times* was, really, below his usual standard. He attacks David Owen for quoting Jaurès to the effect that socialism and democracy are indivisible. Thomas triumphantly points out that democracy was around before socialism was. A *non-sequitur* if ever I've seen one. Nobody said it wasn't – what we do say is that it will still be around (only more so) when socialism arrives. Would anyone like to take the same bet on a Thatcher future? Some of these guys will want to defect back again soon, and it will be great fun turning one or two of them away.

☐ More balls about the Pope this week I see. The very few of us in the country who are not Roman Catholics are having a hard time getting through newspapers richly clotted with devotional prose, but I suppose minorities can always start their own press if they don't like the existing one. Pope John Paul always looked to me like the sort of chap who would don a false nose as soon as look at it, and his letters to Pinocchio and Dickens are of a surpassing ghastliness which would curl the toenails of even the most sentimental believer. I suppose we'll just have to try and manage without him – what astonishes me is that nobody ever noticed his sterling and manifest qualities before September this year. And the very *thought* of another of those humble and unostentatious funerals . . .

☐ If you were the letters editor of *The Times*, would you publish a letter, signed by the Presidents of every journalists' union in the Free World, expressing support for the defendants in the Official Secrets Trial? So would I. But apparently, in a paper which has space for all kinds of *dreck* in its correspondence column (and a full-length attack on the NS in its leader column) no room could be found. If anybody would like a copy they can write to me. Earlier this week, I was asked by an American magazine to explain why the trial had been stopped. Well, I said, if in your country a jury had been vetted by the FBI, and it was then found that the foreman was a Green Beret, and that the defendants had been writing about these matters, and further that the judge said that all this was OK except that nobody could refer to it at all ever and then . . . Stop, they said. We're paying for this call and practical jokes we don't need. No, honestly.

☐ See what you think of this. Until 1976, Jaime Dri was a deputy in the Argentine Parliament. Last year he was arrested and locked up in the *Escuela Mecanica de Armada*, a naval centre much used for the practice of torture upon political prisoners (one of Argentina's few growth industries). They 'number' prisoners up to one thousand there, and Dri was told that he was the fifth person to have the number 49, which gives you some idea of the total involved. Anyway, last April it was, there came a flurry of activity. Prisoners were moved to other barracks, trusties were dressed up in naval uniform, paint and redecoration were unsparingly deployed. Dri, together with other top-security prisoners, was stuffed into a backroom where he found himself sitting on a pile of electric torture devices. Afterwards a warder told them that this was all in aid of a gullible British journalist who was being 'shown round'. When Dri got out, and told this story, he didn't know that a few weeks later a laudatory piece about the *Escuela* had appeared in what is sometimes called a respected British newspaper. I hope the author of that article is reading this, and that he and Jaime Dri can get together sometime.

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ University of Durham: Applications are invited from candidates with a special interest in Mediaeval History for a readership in the Department of Modern History. – *Guardian* (N. Tracy)

☐ The Legion was a crack force all right and produced very professional, callous killers without an ounce of real camaraderie. Its idea of fair play was a kick in the crotch, and that Murray preserved his sanity says much for a public school education and his occasional food parcels from Fortnum and Mason. – *Yorkshire Post* (Aidan Foster-Carter)

☐ No-one is kinder than Des O'Connor. I have travelled the country to see more than 200 of his shows and he often points me out to the audience. – Letters in *News of the World* (Anne Key)

☐ It was also obvious that many people relieved themselves near the White Lion Bridge, he said, and the long term answer might be to provide public toilets and car parking, rather than 'swimming against the tide'. – *Berkhamsted Gazette* (Phillip Deniell)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Flat On My Face

All serious readers who are of riper years will have no difficulty in remembering the pulsating schoolgirl stories from the gifted pen of Miss Dorita Fairlie Bruce and so popular did they and she become that in 1937 she went, if you understand me, into an omnibus. This was then a sure sign of solid success, for omnibus editions were, as indications of achievement, on a par with the modern paper-back. Second only in excellence to Miss Angela Brazil, the *fons et origo* of the genre, Miss Bruce indefatigably produced, also in 1937, her *Dimsie Intervenes*, a story containing that spendidly conscientious headmistress ('My dear, I am never off duty except when I'm in bed – and not always then') and the Anti-Soppist League, anxious to restore its old vigour to the school (some rather wet Juniors have been caught buying bath-cubes and freesia soap) by trooping down to the gym 'to practise those last leg movements of Miss Mallory's'. A previous Bruce *chef d'oeuvre* had been *Prefects at Springdale* (headmistress: Miss Timmins) in which a rather dotty Scottish recluse called Miss Peters offers a prize (gnarled dwarf cedar tree in 'a pot of exquisite Eastern workmanship') to the most go-ahead girl in the school, this attractive trophy being won, as you'll recall, by Marion Banister and Isolt Kingsley who vied in being go-ahead and tied for the prize, the other girls being far too busy having tremendous crushes on Miss Stewart, the games mistress ('She's got that – that sort of glamour') to be at all go-ahead.

I mention these weighty matters because I am just off to Scotland for a short holiday and Miss Peters, of the exquisite pot, throws off from time to time such things as 'Hoots toots', words which I take to be an expression of either incredulity or irritation (incredulity will do fine for Springdale) and I am very anxious to pick up whatever I can in the way of useful Scottish phrases and expletives so as not to seem too much of a fish out of water when once north of the border. There is another Peters expression of which I feel I should be wary. It is, quite simply, 'Tits, Lassies!' She says it really quite a lot. 'Lassies' I can follow. It is the meaning of the other, hidden or plain, that bothers me.

However, it is in my nature to be cautious and therefore, on alighting from the overnight sleeper at the station at Inverness and emerging into the town, I shall start slowly with 'Do you ken whether yon bonnie taxi by yon bonnie Bank of Scotland is free the noo?' Once inside the taxi and bowling along, I may risk something a little more elaborate – 'Och, blethers' perhaps, or 'kindly don't drive me widdershins'. The driver may care to know who and what one is ('Me hame's far awa in Devon') and I am full of hope that the rye will be ripe, or whatever. 'Gin a body meet a body' I shall cry, pointing, though I have no intention of pressing on with the rest of the poem which involved kissing between two persons of the opposite sex who seem to have had a casual encounter among the tall rye stalks, an activity quite unsuitable to my age and bound to cause comment (ALLEGED JOURNALIST ON SERIOUS CHARGE).

It is, I am sure, sensible not to put everything, wordwise, in the shop window at once, and therefore, like a wise general, I am keeping some of my troops in reserve, ready to rush them in in case the first assault hasn't silenced and flattened the opposition. One of these phrases is 'gudewillie waught' and it occurs in the encore verses (which God forbid) of Auld Lang Syne. It means, as far as I've been able to work it out, a treble gin taken in friendly circumstances, not a bad thing to have up, so to speak, one's sleeve.

'My heart's in the Highlands' sang Robert Burns, hankering for the heights, 'a-chasing the deer.' I do not know whether my kind Scottish hosts will expect me to go stalking but here again I am, like a good boy scout, Prepared and I have equipped myself with the very latest word on the subject. This is a remarkable new book, *Monarchs of the Glen*, a history of this fascinating pastime by Duff Hart-Davis (Jonathan Cape sells it, finely illustrated, at £7.95 a time) and a regular mine of information about all personalities and aspects of the chase, if such it can be called when much of the time one is apparently flat on one's face with heather shoots sticking up one's nose.

To a tyro such as I am certain to be, it is immensely heartening to learn what an ass Prince Albert used to make of himself. Apart from his almost complete lack of skill, he irritated everybody by saying that the inhabitants of Dalkeith looked like Germans and that Perth was like Basle. Birnam Wood (stationary for once) looked to him partly like Thüringen and partly like Switzerland (even when in Wales, the mountains reminded him, but nobody else, of Ischia). He horrified one and all by unsportingly banging blithely off from the dining-room window at some semi-tame deer in the park at Blair. Once, driving home with the Queen in a horse-carriage after a day on the hill, he sighted a stag, leant across his adoring wife and discharged his gun, practically under her nose but accurately for once, through the window. Does the intrepid monarch make mention in her diary of what must have been the deafening din, the smoke, the shock and the bolting horses? Not a bit of it. 'It was a very fine stag with nine points, quite dead. What luck!' For the rest of the time, Albert, keen as mustard, just rushed round missing everything ('Albert has been running about a good deal', the relentless diary notes) and dressed, if Landseer is to be believed, in a high and stiff white collar, light grey and tight-waisted frock coat, close-fitting check trousers, and kitted out with spats, deerstalker, white walking stick and gloves. Thus fully togged up his wonders to perform, he fired five shots into a pack of 200 deer without even the laws of mathematical probability coming to his aid. At times he just seems to have blazed away at anything that moved. Meantime his besotted better half scampered about after him, sometimes coming a purler in the heather ('I hurt my knee').

The Balmoral-based Victoria and Albert, together with Landseer's lifelike paintings, succeeded between them in making both deer-stalking and the Highlands extremely desirable socially. Persons of note flocked north at appropriate times and picked off their prey. Reproductions of 'The Stag at Bay' and 'The Deer Drive' brought the somewhat bloody excitements of the sport into almost every home in the land. The government of the day, deciding on what was the right and tasteful thing to do, commissioned 'The Monarch of the Glen' from Landseer to fill an empty panel in the House of Lords Refreshment Room, but briskly withdrew ('Sorry. Venison's off'), and with the paint scarcely dry, the money suggested. The painting went instead to Lord Londesborough, who subsequently sold it at a profit that can only be called thumping. Not, alas, the last time that a government made financial fools of themselves.

Roger Woddis

All the Brothers

Dear brethren, we are gathered here
To labour for improvement
And make our feelings known to him
Who manages our movement,
Not seeking to embarrass Jim,
A very special pleader,
Yet skirting the embarrassment
Of following our leader.

We do not wish to rock the boat
Or detonate our bases,
But taking on the rank and file
Means egg upon our faces.
If there should be a pay-stampede,
With prices the stampeder,
We would be trampled underfoot
By following our leader.

We do not seek, nor should there be,
A head-on confrontation,
Provided there's a guarantee
Of five per cent inflation.
The crossroads written on the map
Should not confuse the reader:
We have the choice of turning left
Or following our leader.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

TV dinner

Sir, Bruce Page's note (NS 8 September) headed 'Sanctions Story' is inaccurate and incidentally unfair to *World In Action*. He gives the impression that our two programmes on the oil companies, the British government and the evasion of sanctions were based on our picking up the leftovers from a London Weekend Television table. He is quite wrong.

We have had this story on our stocks for over two years. We first filmed the BP refinery in Lourenço Marques and oil tank cars leaving for Rhodesia in 1975. In the autumn of 1976 a *World In Action* team with the help of Bernard Rivers spent some months working on the story and we applied for visas to film in Mozambique. The people we wanted to film included ex-officials of oil companies in Mozambique who could spill the beans. It was only the refusal of the Mozambique government to grant us visas that prevented us from making the programme at that time. Earlier this year Jorge Jardim (Salazar's former representative in Mozambique with special responsibility for the oil route to Rhodesia) agreed to appear on our programme; we re-contacted the men we had planned to film in Mozambique two years earlier (now living in New York and Lisbon) and got them to agree to tell their part of the story; and we re-contacted various other key sources.

On the basis of the above material we decided to go ahead. Subsequently we learned of a further source of information – the extracts from the Bingham report that were in the hand of Gerry Gable. Naturally we took steps to obtain these.

Actually it was the NEW STATESMAN that picked up leftovers – from *World In Action*. The two excellent articles you carried on this subject by Bernard Rivers and Martin Bailey were partly based on work Rivers had done for us in 1976. We were happy to see the material used in this way – even before we had got it on the screen. After all, we share a commitment to getting such information brought out. Why, in such circumstances, Bruce Page should choose to be inaccurately snide about *World In Action*, I cannot imagine.

BRIAN LAPPING

Granada Television Limited
36 Golden Square
London W1

Rights and Obligations

Sir, Quentin Lang (Letters 29 September) asks 'what if a union formed a company which employed workers and sold labour to the management/capitalist company?' The 'thought' was indeed 'naïve'. One consequence would be that groups of workers would be subject to the laws of contract. Thus they would not be able to break agreements with employers in the way the Ford workers have in coming out on strike four weeks before the Phase Three settlement made last year had run its course.

JAMES SANDILANDS

58 Doneraile Street
London SW6

Victims of thalidomide

Sir, John Pilger has been unjustifiably attacked by Jack Ashley (Letters 1 and 22 September) and I wish to underline here the outstanding contribution made by Pilger, in the *Daily Mirror*, during the long campaign for justice for the unfortunate thalidomide 'Y' List families.

I have been involved with the thalidomide families for over a decade, initially as a case worker for the Lady Hoare Trust. In 1973, I resigned in order to campaign on behalf of the 'Y' List youngsters who, as everybody must know now, were victims of arbitrary segregation by lawyers just prior to the 1973 settlement. Having observed and documented both typical and atypical malformations and studied all available medical evidence, of both 'X' and 'Y' List children, I considered that the arbitrary division of the children was grossly unfair, particularly as I knew personally of 'Y' List cases, whose records I had collated over the years, where the evidence was stronger than that of children accepted on to the 'X' List and into the settlement.

Jack Ashley did convene a meeting at the House of Commons of the 'Y' List parents and their legal representatives in November, 1973 and in consequence a committee of 'Y' parents, with myself as the only independent member and non-parent, was formed; but shortly afterwards Jack Ashley moved on to other matters and the 'Y' List families were left without a public voice. It was only when I got in touch again with John Pilger that things began to happen. The *Daily Mirror* was bold enough to publish the truth about the whole disgraceful episode of neglect; and it was due chiefly to Pilger that Jack Ashley and Alf Morris, after much pressure and publicity, precipitated Government action that led to the Marre Report and settlement for *some* of the children.

Many cruel ironies have conspired against the 'Y' List families. Reading the Marre Report, it seems that it has been a disadvantage for some parents to have had actual proof that the drug was taken during pregnancy. This appears to have prompted Sir Alan to conclude that thalidomide was taken outside the 'sensitive period'. Even Professor Smithells admitted in 1968 that it had not been established in *fifty per cent* of all the cases (X and Y) that thalidomide had been taken! If Jack Ashley really believes the Marre findings are 'fair', perhaps he might like to look at photographs and medical evidence, compiled by me over ten years, and to point out the youngsters whom Sir Alan has declared *not* to be thalidomide damaged.

OLWEN JONES

1 Little Meadow Road
Bowdon
Altrincham
Lancs

Sur le continent

Sir, Christopher Price writes (NS 15 September): 'I was in Brussels when the news 'PAS D'ELECTIONS EN ANGLETERRE' was in all the papers.' This merely reflects the parochialism of the English who assume that all foreigners speak French, or perhaps the inability of travellers in foreign parts to see anything but what they have been conditioned to see. 'GEEN ALGEMENE VERKIEZINGEN IN ENGELAND' is the headline that most Belgians (including the Brusselers) would have been reading after James Callaghan's broadcast a fortnight ago.

IAIN BURGESS

4 Cedars Road
Hampton Wick
Middlesex

About Oxford books

From Bismark to Hitler

'An indispensable reference work', was how the New Statesman described Gordon Craig's **Germany 1866-1945.** Published last month at £10, this newest volume in *The Oxford History of Modern Europe* chronicles the brief history of united Germany, which lasted only seventy-five years and died in the rubble of Berlin. That history, says Gordon Craig, 'demands the attention of reflective men, not only for what it has to teach about the role of fear and cupidity and abtuseness in human affairs, about the seductions of power and the consequences of political irresponsibility, and about the apparently limitless inhumanity that man is capable of inflicting on his fellows, but because it also has much to say about courage and steadfastness, about devotion to the cause of liberty, and about resistance to the evils of tyranny.' John Terraine, writing in the Daily Telegraph, has called the book 'first-class . . . a work of real erudition which never declines into mere dry scholasticism; one turns the pages of this lamentable story with excitement.'

Discovering America

When the two volumes of Samuel Eliot Morison's **The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages** and **The Southern Voyages** were published a few years ago, the Scotsman's reviewer said of the former that 'Morison can make you feel what it must have been like to set sail over the rim of the known world in a Dutch cog or a Spanish caravel, with maps full of holes and guesses and a frightened ship's company.' Now the work has been abridged into a single volume, **The Great Explorers: The European Discovery of America,** £6.95, which constitutes a basic history of the exploration of the American continent between the late fifteenth and early seventeenth centuries. 'Marvellous', says The Guardian. 'It is salted with almost conversational asides, and all couched in muscular, common sense prose delivered with the assurance of prodigious scholarship. But there is more to it than scholarship. What informs Morison's work is a care for the sort of detail the explorers never bothered to record because it was so familiar to them, but without which such voyages remain almost unimaginable.'

Britain changing

A. H. Halsey's Reith Lectures, delivered earlier this year, sparked off a good deal of discussion and drew much comment. Alan Ryan, writing in New Society, called them 'another instalment in the heavyweight contest which has been going on since 1794 between those who hold that liberty, equality, and fraternity *can* be achieved in Britain without a modern re-run of the French Revolution, and those who think that this is a bourgeois illusion.' **Change in British Society,** the expanded version of the Reith Lectures, has just been published at £4.50 (£1.95 in Oxford paperback).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Hugh Lloyd-Jones

Women and Love

Greek Homosexuality by K. J. DOVER *Duckworth* £15

Many scholars have been or are preoccupied with the similarities between the ancient and the modern world, and some tend to find such similarities even where they do not exist. In the past scholars have done this chiefly because for them the history of the ancient world presents a continuous development culminating in Christianity, or in modern liberalism; but now many look for likenesses in a pathetic attempt to curry favour with their modern readers by making out antiquity to have been more like our own times than it actually was.

Nowadays the best scholars are usually more concerned with the differences between then and now; and Sir Kenneth Dover is one of the best classical scholars now living. He is a very learned man indeed; 25 years ago Arnaldo Momigliano remarked to me that Dover already knew more about the fifth century BC in Greece than any man living, and he has not been idle since that time. Even more impressive than his learning is his remarkable power of seeing objectively what the ancient data tell us without reading modern notions into what he finds there. Three years ago he brought out a remarkable book called *Greek Popular Morality,* based on the excellent observation that the best way of studying the subject was to examine the moral notions taken for granted in their appeals to juries by the authors of the 150 or so Athenian political and forensic speeches of the fifth and fourth centuries that survive. Not surprisingly, this work has received the honour of an unfavourable notice from Arthur W. H. Adkins, who, having preached in his doctoral thesis the gospel that Greek ethics are deficient by the standards of modern provincial nonconformity, has repeated it in a series of writings that supply a staple protein for *bien-pensant* readers. Dover's new book valuably supplements his study of Greek popular ethics by helping to extend the picture of the Greek cultural pattern which the earlier work presents. All the Greek is translated, and the book can easily be read by non-specialists; it is a work of consummate scholarship, and no professional student of the Greeks can afford to miss it. At the same time it is a contribution to the understanding of human society that deserves to be studied well beyond professional circles.

In the past, scholars have touched with impatience and dispatched with reluctance the subject of the book. Wilamowitz was no prude; yet he seldom mentions the obvious truth that in ancient Greece young men inspired men with far deeper erotic emotions than women did, and when Pierre Louys in a novel presented Sappho as a Lesbian, he sprang to the defence of 'a pure wife and mother'. Even Burckhardt in his history of Greek culture shies off the subject. In England, Jowett translated the episode of Plato's *Symposium* in which Alcibiades tries to vamp Socrates in such a way that it is hard for the reader to see what is really happening. The aesthetes of the *fin-de-siècle* found the topic fascinating, but were unable to discuss it without introducing overtones of decadence more relevant to the age of Hadrian and his Antinous than to archaic and classical Greece. Now the subject can be discussed objectively, and we must be thankful, but without too much self-congratulation; there are topics – slavery, for instance – which are now harder to discuss rationally than they were half a century ago. It is of the greatest interest, for without an honest assessment of this factor the cultural pattern of ancient Greece cannot be properly understood. The problem of the status of women is linked with it; and so is the part played by love in the philosophy of Plato. Also, by examining the attitudes to sexual questions of communities remote in time and place from our own, we may make it easier for ourselves to consider them with a mind free from bias.

Dover warns us at the start that the evidence bearing on ancient homosexuality is of very different kinds, and that when we assess it we must allow for the differences in question. As in the case of Greek popular morality, the evidence of the law-courts is especially valuable; and here we are fortunate in possessing a speech in which the fourth-century politician Aeschines prosecuted Timarchus, an adherent of his enemy Demosthenes, for violation of the law forbidding those who had been male prostitutes to engage in civic life. The core of the book is a detailed study of that speech and its implications; Dover surveys in turn the different questions which the speech raises, illustrating each not only from the speech itself but from the whole body of relevant evidence. Later he deals with special aspects and developments of the subject, such as the exploitation of homosexuality in comedy and in philosophy, the homosexuality of women, and finally homosexuality in myth and history.

Much of the evidence comes from art, particularly from painted vases; and Dover has examined this with great thoroughness. He gives an excellent selection of illustrations, all the more welcome because museums are often unwilling to exhibit and scholars to reproduce the works of art most relevant to his purpose, some of which are not only interesting but delightful. In his text he gives a detailed account of the sexual tastes and tendencies revealed by this material, together with the literary evidence; the supremacy of homosexual love in the Greek imagination is clearly brought out by the pronounced interest, both theoretical and practical, in the female buttocks which the evidence reveals.

The speech against Timarchus indicates, and the remainder of the evidence confirms, that homosexuality as such was not generally disapproved of. The prosecutor openly avows that he has been in love with various young men, and has been involved in quarrels because of it. Such conduct was thought perfectly normal, but young men who allowed their lovers sexual favours were disapproved of; Dover aptly compares the way in which modern societies tolerate men who pursue women but condemn those women who grant them sexual favours.

This conclusion is confirmed by evidence from early lyric and elegiac poetry, which often celebrates homosexual love; from comedy, which exploits the subject for the purposes of humour; from Plato's picture of the society moved in by Socrates, and by his use of love for beautiful persons as a stage on the way towards a love for beautiful ideas. Dover shows great finesse in using each kind of evidence just as its nature warrants and no further, and the book is full of acute treatments of subsidiary problems.

Dover observes that Homer makes no overt allusion to homosexuality, though he knows the myth of Ganymede; he does not give the friendship of Achilles and Patroclus the erotic colouring which it certainly had in the trilogy which Aeschylus devoted to the subject. I wonder if he suspects, as I do, that Aeschines was right in interpreting Homer's silence as 'a sign of cultivated sensitivity'. This would be by no means the only instance of deliberate avoidance by the epic poets of topics which they felt inappropriate to epic poetry; and as Dover says, the rate of change of Greek attitudes, practices and institutions was very slow. The prevalence of homosexuality in archaic and classical times cannot have been a sudden development following upon universal heterosexuality during the epic age, any more than the prevalence of a belief in ritual pollution. Dover gives sound reasons for rejecting the belief that homosexuality was specifically Dorian and entered Greece with the Dorian invaders. He finds its origins in a contempt for women that arose in early times when the community depended entirely on the valour of the warrior; perhaps it goes back to the primitive age when the males belonging to the hunting group were often separated from their women and their children.

Dover points out the vast difference between the Greek attitude towards homosexuality and that of a culture which has inherited a prohibition against it originally supposed to rest upon divine authority, with the result that conservative persons tend to recoil from it in horror and persons who fancy themselves to be rebels tend to approve of it, even if they feel no wish to practise it. He warns us that the modern tendency to consider the world as divided into homosexuals and heterosexuals is a local accident; Proust would have agreed with him. There were in ancient Greece, as there are today, many people who markedly preferred homosexual to heterosexual activity; there were also many who had the opposite preference to a marked degree; but there were also many people, perhaps a majority, who enjoyed both and if given an opportunity would indulge in either. 'Confronted by cultures older and richer and more elaborate than theirs,' Dover writes,

> cultures which none the less differed greatly from each other, the Greeks felt free to select, adapt, develop, and – above all – innovate. Fragmented as they were into tiny political units, they were constantly aware of the extent to which morals and manners are local.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russell Davies

Wholehogger

Prick Up Your Ears by JOHN LAHR *Allen Lane* £5.95

'I hope', wrote Joe Orton in July 1967, 'I can write a play worthy of one of Kenneth Halliwell's most brilliant titles.' Less than a month later, Halliwell stove Orton's head in with a hammer, then killed himself with Nembutals. The brilliant title he had devised was 'Prick Up Your Ears', which now comes into use on the cover of his friend-and-victim's biography. Halliwell had only a very tiny talent, but Orton's memory contrives to go on plundering it.

It is tempting to interpret their story as the forced marriage – eventually violent on its own account – of two social classes. Orton and Halliwell were brought up in circumstances that brutally parodied two utterly different sets of expectations. Halliwell's was perhaps the more grotesque experience. When he was 12, his beloved mother, stung in the mouth by a wasp, choked to death before his eyes. Ten years later, his father, a man long enfolded in Victorian silence, gassed himself in the kitchen, leaving Kenneth the tidy sum of £4,321 and no note of explanation. What hopes the boy still had of maintaining a normal sense of himself were destroyed when his hair began falling out in clumps. By the time he got to RADA, he was an enthusiastically practising homosexual with the appearance, as Kenneth Williams was later to put it, of a 'great boiled egg'. John Lahr's book includes several photos of Halliwell wearing his ungraded wig, which looks exactly like a curled rat sleeping on his head.

John Orton – he became Joe in an attempt to disentangle his reputation from John Osborne's – staggered out from one of those families (so beloved of TV comedy) who are too lacking in bourgeois *amour-propre* to be less than frank. It was no secret to the children, for example, that there had been no sex since 1945 between Dad, the weedy and by no means competent Leicester council gardener William Orton, and his wife Elsie. The only mystery lay in the means by which as many as four kids had come to be engendered in the first place. The home, clearly, was dominated by Elsie, a loud and frequently vicious cow who saved her convivial moods for the pub. The household's only lifeline to the arts was a piano, upon which Elsie would sometimes vent her feelings. She could play, however, only one tune. It was *Don't Fence Me In*. It would have to be.

Via local amateur dramatics and the attentions of an elocutionist, Madame Ada Rothery, Orton made his own rather astonishing way to RADA. Madame Rothery, unimpressed at the time, is sticking to her opinion: 'It was just after the war and men were extremely scarce; so they would have taken practically anything that could stand up.' Lodgings and money were scarce, too, so it was not surprising that Orton, a 'Puckish' figure at this stage, was soon invited to move in with Kenneth Halliwell. Orton's naughtily laconic diary records the first three days of co-habitation with the boiled egg in the following manner: '17 June Well! 18 June Well!! 19 June Well!!!'

Orton and Halliwell lived together for the rest of their lives. Acting work dried up quickly for both, in Orton's case because it bored him, in Halliwell's because he was sinister and deluded and not very good. What Halliwell did have was a sound education, especially in the classics, and he must have spent much of the Fifties passing this on to Orton. Their writing partnership bore much fruit, all of it hideously unripe. They worked at Cadbury's chocolate factory for a time, to earn money for better lodgings. And they defaced library books – hundreds of them. False blurbs were inserted (Dorothy Sayers: 'READ THIS BEHIND CLOSED DOORS. And have a good shit while you are reading!'). Covers were redecorated with bizarre collage. A study of the acting career of Alec Clunes had a skull pasted in where the conventional photo-portrait should have been. The skull had a great hole bashed in it.

In the end, Halliwell was tricked into typing a note to the council on the machine habitually used for the fake blurbs. The scissors-and-paste felons were sentenced to six months in jail. As if to confirm that this was the event that made a satirist of Orton, Sidney Porrett, Islington Borough Council's legal clerk, speaks of it in a style Orton could have imported wholesale into his plays: 'I played them a slightly dirty trick. I thought, "OK, I'll let my ethics slip a little bit." I wanted to get them aggravated. They were a couple of darlings, make no mistake.'

The lit-crit portions of John Lahr's account rather overdo their insistence on Orton's detachment, but there is no doubt that the experience of being an official outsider propelled him swiftly towards the conclusion that authority and absurdity were one and the same. Henceforth his comic method would consist in organising relays of characters to impose one style of anarchy on another in the name of an unattainable order. The dialogue would teem with jocular cliché, the kind people unwittingly devise to prevent themselves thinking unacceptable thoughts; but their tabloid-press imagery would constantly trip over itself, releasing baskets of innuendo. All sorts of anarchy would threaten, but the one that seemed likely to arrive first would always be the sexual sort. Whenever Authority lifted her skirts, she was liable to disclose a penis.

Orton cannot be accused of having sex in the head. Not *just* in the head, anyway. He had it everywhere. He was a sexual wholehogger for whom anything went, in all directions. It was another of the ways in which he grew apart from Halliwell, who liked to be masturbated – a proceeding heavily disdained by Orton, especially on their visits to North Africa, where so much else was available. But Orton seems to have been just as happy in a lavatory off the Holloway Road as in the casbah of Tangier, though the pleasure he took in the North London 'cottages' was of a less purely physical kind. A cold and eerily moonlit description of a seven-man orgy (Orton's diaries are full of these oddly frozen memoranda) reaches its gobbling apogee with the observation: 'The little pissoir under the bridge had become the scene of a frenzied saturnalia. No more than two feet away the citizens of Holloway moved about their ordinary business.'

Halliwell had no comparable tales to tell over the breakfast table. He was, increasingly, a drag on Orton's spirits; yet he remained a useful editor, and the source of important suggestions, which Orton implemented up to the last. They continued to share some long-running in-jokes, like 'Edna Welthorpe', the fictitious prude they trotted out in the nations's more conventional correspondence columns. But Orton's success had gone to Halliwell's head; shortly after a bad trip to Morocco, with Orton recently released from a Beatles film project and *What the Butler Saw* approaching its final shape, the boiled egg cracked. He spattered Orton's hated brain over the bed-sitter wall. The editor had exercised his right of veto to the ultimate degree.

It is a most extraordinary story, told here – give or take a few patches of cautious seminar-stuff on the plays – in a way that

Margaret Forster
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
Memoirs of a Victorian Gentleman
"A delightful and original book."
David Williams, **Daily Telegraph**
"Remarkably successful."
Francis King, **Sunday Telegraph**
"Extraordinarily good . . . uncommonly handsome . . . scattered with Thackeray's own marvellous drawings."
Valerie Jenkins, **Evening Standard**
"*Tour de force.*" *Alex Hamilton,* **Guardian**
"Superbly bold and spirited . . . she has triumphed . . . her shaping of the story of his life is masterly . . . a genuinely extraordinary achievement." *Claire Tomalin,* **Punch**
De luxe binding and endpapers reproducing Thackeray mss. **Illustrated** **£8.75**
Secker & Warburg

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

successfully recreates a series of stifling atmospheres. It is, in fact, far more frightening than the plays are shocking. Orton realised it would be. He found it hard to make others understand:

> In the evening P. Willes rang ... I told him about the funeral [Elsie's]. And the frenzied way my family behave. He seemed shocked. But then he thinks my plays are fantasies. He suddenly caught a glimpse of fact that I write the truth.

Zahir Jamal

Kid Brother

1985 by ANTHONY BURGESS *Hutchinson* £4.95

The appearance of a new prophet is always fraught with interest. What unguessed doom, we ask, impends? How will the new man tackle the established beliefs of the day? Will he speak in tongues? Can his tips be trusted or is he not wholly serious? In the case of Anthony Burgess, who now puts on mantic robes, the answers are: Islam plus 'holistic syndicalism'; lengthily; several; and no and yes.

1984, we are to understand, is old religion. It's just not nineteeneightyfourish enough any more. In the first half of his book Mr Burgess offers testaments on this theme; in the second, he thoughtfully provides an alternative vision which will, he hopes, more aptly serve the times. Reconsidering Orwell's dystopia has persuaded Mr Burgess that we should really look on it as black comedy, a witty transcript of the London of 1948. That there are marked affinities of mood and scene between the novel and those gritty, run-down years of post-war austerity is not in itself a revelation likely to spread astonishment. Early readers spotted the parallels without hesitation, critics rehearse the point exhaustingly and anyone today can recover the feeling by dipping into Orwell's 'London Letters' to *Partisan Review*.

The alleged 'black comedy', likewise, need detain no one very long. We merely slap that term down casually on horrors we no longer sense as threats. The outlines of comedy are discernible in any nightmare in the morning but the memory of fear still remains. Yet Mr Burgess has fingered something less whimsical commentators often miss: the dry satisfaction Orwell evidently gained from teasing the commonplace into fantasy. Big Brother, for instance, almost certainly germinated in that part of his mind which took in not only posters of Stalin and Hitler but those of the Bennet Correspondence College as well: LET ME BE YOUR BIG BROTHER. Similarly, popular misgivings about the actual function of television clearly offered a droll source for the prying telescreen. Easily the most readable parts of Mr Burgess's expository chapters are those where he lets himself drift back into the kind of mental state in which Orwell's book was first received.

Disparaging *1984* as oracle, long an established sport, grows ever less taxing as that date looms ahead. Orwell's superstates are here but, as Mr Burgess is keen to stress, they seem not to have followed his directions all that closely. Their belligerence is deviously channelled through the quarrels of smaller nations. Big Brother's guns-before-butter ruse for keeping down the standard of living finds no reflection in America's successful partnering of militarism with high consumption. Threats to individual liberty come more determinedly from scowling pressure groups than from central governments with collapsing policies. To the long list of possible amendments Mr Burgess contributes several hindsightful items; but their belittling intent collides oddly with his own recognition that the essence of Orwell's vision lies not in prophecy but in metaphor.

Still, knocking the competition is a legitimate part of his mission. Mr Burgess is researching a new apocalypse. Rummaging through such phenomena as youth unrest, Skinnerism, sectarian politics, education, Arthur Koestler and the decline of religion ('thanks to the Second Vatican Council'), he concludes that democracy is being weakened by a crisis of moral authority. For the unoriginality of that discovery he is not exclusively to blame. As the century muddles on towards its end, few contemporary trend-spotters show signs of doing better in the novelty stakes, and Mr Burgess's calls for a return to a sense of good and evil do at least flow from a source versed in the art of survival. What remains uniquely his responsibility is the quality of fiction that ensues from these preliminaries.

And here the prophet is advised to watch for lightning. Just how sorrily *1985* shoulders its imaginative duties is virtually impossible to convey. The setting in which Mr Burgess has chosen to float his propositions could scarcely have been a grubbier amalgam of small worries and irritations. Enfeebled by its surroundings, a once-dextrous ingenuity struggles unavailingly with a narrative of surpassing silliness. The nation of shop-keepers now runs a total closed shop. In Tucland the unions control an obedient membership while Islam oils the machines. Installed in places like Al-Klaridges, the Arabs menace the realm with soft drinks and mosques. No government prevails, of course, because 'holistic syndicalism' runs the show. One out, all out is the game of that name and hell for any who question the rules.

The unfortunate character Mr Burgess has prompted to ask questions is Bev Jones, ex-teacher and now chocolate-factory worker. Readers who share the author's notorious attachment to name-games may be disappointed at the level of play expected here. In keeping with the slogging obviousness of the novel, the cognates are blurted out in chapter two. Bev is Beveridge or Bevan or both. Our hero, it's borne in on us, is a child of the Welfare State who yet remains in touch with ancestral virtues.

A feature of Tucland which was evidently devised to express Mr Burgess's dislike of modern education also points suggestively to his frame of mind in writing *1985*. A strange new breed of adolescent prowls the alleys of this fiction; the *Kumina* gangs, so named, inexplicably, after the Kiswahili prefix meaning 'teen'. Vicious yet also well-read, these youths crave knowledge as passionately as violence. The two appetites have combined into one in a state which pampers its dullards and turns its unfulfilled prodigies on to the streets. *'Festina lente'*, smiles a young black before going through Jones's pockets and setting fire to his hair. Mr Burgess has found an extreme image which allows him to smile grimly back at Matthew Arnold. For the *Kumina* boys wed culture to anarchy in a sly parody of that old antithesis. As with most opportunities in the book, however, the notion soon escapes from custody and the gangs drop out of sight. Not before we've noticed, though, the novel's bids for significance through its philistine union bosses, barbarian Arabs and compliant populace.

A modicum of significance would not have gone amiss in *1985*'s story-line. How Bev Jones made his stand against the unions; how, further, this entailed parting from his daughter, an over-ripe moron of thirteen called Bessie; Jones's career peddling bootleg culture in the Underground University and his ordeals in the rehabilitation centres of the state; these and other matters might, in more caring hands, have been passably interesting. In the hands of a connoisseur of pandemonium like Evelyn Waugh they might even have been memorable. But a radical unsteadiness of purpose afflicts Mr Burgess's efforts at every point. A comic opera is an unpromising setting in which to hold forth on subjects like human dignity; yet the hapless Jones is repeatedly encouraged to shine in the pulpit while about him the scenery rocks tipsily. It's part of the ineptitude which distinguishes *1985* that it should add to its difficulties by picking on a book many times its size.

Tom Paulin

Double Vision

A Ray of Darkness by MARGIAD EVANS *John Calder* £4.95 and £2.95
Country Dance by MARGIAD EVANS *John Calder* £4.95 and £2.95
The Hill of Evil Counsel by AMOS OZ translated from the Hebrew by Nicholas De Lange in collaboration with the author *Chatto* £5.50
Lead Us Into Temptation by BREANDÁN Ó hEITHIR translated by the author from the Irish *Routledge & Kegan Paul* £4.50

After Margiad Evans's death 20 years ago her novels were neglected and forgotten, but recently – thanks to P. J. Kavanagh's enthusiasm – there has been a revival of interest in her work. *A Ray of Darkness* is her straggling and sporadically magnificent account of her possession by what she termed 'a stranger in the brain'. When she was 41 she discovered that she was epileptic and after a year of suffering she began to come to terms with an experience that made her 'incredulous of all things firm and material'. Time became

If you love words,
you'll love VERBATIM, with its articles, book reviews, and correspondence about the English Language. Send £3.25 for a year's subscription *4 issues* to:
VERBATIM
Laurence Urdang Limited
Dept. NS. 2 Market Square, Aylesbury, Bucks
Refund in full if not pleased with first issue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'as rotten as worm-eaten wood' and she had a series of visions which she describes with the intent plainness of Bunyan or Thoreau. 'After a fit, the one unforgettable sight is the first thing one sees *consciously*,' she explains, and then shows how even a 'little green enamel alarm clock' can become charged with a visionary significance.

As in *The Prelude* and *Four Quartets* there is a sense of temporal dislocation, of an intersection with a timeless reality which is reached only through the most painful journey. And in a narrative which crosses strange absences and voids, Margiad Evans combines spiritual autobiography with the poems she wrote about her discovery of a landscape 'where mists tread down the fields of fear'. Her verse and prose are rich in accurate surprises: the beech leaves that crackle underfoot 'like shingle', the carved figures 'of two priest-like forms in windy robes with strange hats like harebells', the tall weeds 'in the dissolving gardens'. Three lines in one poem – 'Free is the unowned pleasure/as the passing farms/are free of the traveller' – have the gnomic clarity of early Auden, while the sestet of 'Resignation' has a wistful delicacy and is brilliantly cadenced:

> And if a stranger-one appeared to you
> brighter and softer, different voiced and quiet
> as they are never, with its eyes of blue
> fixed on your eyes, as if the sky shone through
> its gaze you'd doubt it for a spirit
> and turn from it, not knowing what to do.

Country Dance is a slim masterpiece which tells in diary-form the story of a shepherd's daughter living on the Welsh borders in the 1850s. Ann Goodman is of mixed English and Welsh blood, and her two lovers (an English shepherd and a Welsh farmer) fight for her jealously. Margiad Evans based her tale on local legends and in a brief epilogue she rejects the lavender greyness of 'even the best authenticated' of old stories, saying she has aimed for the 'first freshness' of the lives themselves. She succeeds marvellously – there is none of that costumed antiquarian flatness which is the enemy of so many stories that try to imagine a previous century. Instead there is a peasant spontaneity which transforms *Country Dance* into a great prose-ballad. The characters are fierce uncomplicated figures who achieve a mythic ascendancy, an extraordinary and heroic presence. The story is somehow both rapid and timeless, and has the passionate simplicity that Yeats praised and sought.

The three linked stories that make up *The Hill of Evil Counsel* are set in Palestine during the closing years of the British Mandate. Their dry landscapes are tense and expectant – they are crossed by rumours, fantasies, prophecies and different nostalgias ('the Vienna woods . . . a smell of other autumns'). Amos Oz is concerned to build an atmosphere, rather than tell a story, and he unobtrusively seeds the past with various prophetic ironies – there is an implicit reference to present-day Israel in his account of a lonely boy and an eccentric old man who imagine destroying a squad of British soldiers ('we were the righteous few, and they were the targets'). Although they aren't aware of it they are obeying 'a simple law of the desert' which demands bloody revenges, the satisfaction of a vindictive deity. Oz writes in a spirit of tolerance and compromise (he fought on the Golan Heights in the 1973 war and has since worked towards reconciliation with the Arabs), and his stories are subtly angled to reveal the dangers of political fanaticism. They tend to focus too much on childhood memories, but *The Hill of Evil Counsel* is a courageous, intelligent and – to judge by this fine translation – beautifully written work.

Breandán Ó hEithir has a shot at some excellent targets – bishops, drunken priests, De Valera, Fianna Fail, pious landladies, sexual repression and sentimental terrorists – and much as I wanted to fall about laughing at his comic put-downs a wry smile was as much as I could manage. As a tale of student drunkenness and hilarity in an Irish city called 'Ballycastle' (Galway more or less), *Lead Us Into Temptation* is pleasantly irreverent. And it's grand in a way that young Martin Melody should be surprised by an absence of 'contrition or shame' when the obliging chambermaid he's bedded serves him with breakfast next morning, except that there are any number of tame, conventional and stereotyped attitudes floating about in the pious remainder of the sentence – 'all he really felt was a deep affection for this neat little girl who was looking after him so well'. A very revealing, and very Irish, remark.

Hermione Lee

Dear Marie

Dear Dr Stopes: Sex in the 1920s edited by Ruth Hall *Deutsch* £6.50

> Please Help me! I have Had my share. My life is only a living Hell . . . I have never known anything else but this 'pull back' of his and therefore as a consequence none of the joys of motherhood . . . We go to rest, my Wife always lies with her back towards me, I make a 'tender advance' and suggest that she turn round that we may chat and cuddle – the end of the poetry is 'I do not like your breath in my face!' . . . I would so much rather be a cow than an ordinary farmer's wife in New Zealand . . . I satisfy my wife to a very little extent indeed. She is generally cross . . . As far as I can make out, I am too big for her thing. In enclosed envelope I send the size of my penis when erected. It doesn't seem too big, but dear, oh dear! . . .

In this selection of the thousands of letters written to Marie Stopes in the wake of *Married Love, Wise Parenthood*, the opening of her clinics and her 1923 libel action, Ruth Hall has wisely left the voices to speak for themselves. She thus avoids the tone of amused condescension which such an edition might easily have adopted, and presents, with the minimum of commentary, a dismaying (and often absurd) record of misery and ignorance about sex, contraception and child-bearing. The questions, life-stories and pleas for help sent to Dr Stopes from all over the world run the gamut of human indignities. They can't, quite, be read dispassionately as sociological phenomena, though they provide a lot of information about the 1920s: the gruesome drudgery of working-class wives, prejudices in the medical profession, clergymen's marriages, and, most of all, the inexorable division between the 'two nations' of rich and poor. But it is the isolation of individuals that most gives one pause. Even the truly laughable queries make painful reading: How can I pass water with 'the cap there inside'; 'in order for conception must there be *mutual* orgasm'; 'I wonder whether the *sustained* holding of the nipple with my lips might be injurious to her'; 'She had always thought that children were secured as the result of prayers offered at the marriage ceremony'. These letters were evidently not easy to write, and their very existence is a tribute to Marie Stopes's liberating influence, and to the achievement of her work in cutting across class barriers.

Her replies are, on the whole, careful, humane and practical. 'Mostly it depends on the temperature,' she writes drily to the man whose wife is reluctant to take her nightdress off. But the edition also reveals her blindspots, high-handedness and intolerance. The Irish Catholic with a nervous breakdown can't have been much comforted by 'I hope, as the Catholic religion is so negligent of bodily health and moral needs of its devotees that you will drop that religion and take life on bigger and sounder lines'. And her extreme, censorious reaction to any hint of extra-marital sex is equally unhelpful.

Dear Dr Stopes is a spin-off from Ruth Hall's lively biography, which used some of this material but presumably could not stretch to all the correspondence. Together the two books give a vivid idea of Marie Stopes's work and personality, and of the powerful effect on its readers of *Married Love* – 'the Honeymoon Baedeker' (as one Australian lady doctor coyly wrote) 'a guide to the *smallest place of entertainment* in the world, where there is *standing* room for one only'.

'I've sometimes felt that it would be better to follow one particular line which wasn't a compromise in order to achieve results, compromising . . . .' – **Heath on Whitehall Reform**

See **Parliamentary Affairs,** October 1978, containing an interview in which Edward Heath talks on the following topics: his highly systematic preparation for office before 1970; his launching of the 'giant' Whitehall Departments such as Environment and the Central Policy Review Staff (or 'Think Tank') under Lord Rothschild; and his use of private businessmen to show Whitehall new ways of managing, for example, Defence expenditure and Employment services. Mr. Heath criticizes Labour's changes to his reform scheme and also questions Mrs. Thatcher's reluctance to prepare policies during Opposition in the way he did ten years ago.

Parliamentary Affairs is available from Oxford University Press Journals Department, Press Road, London NW10 0DD.

1978 subscription (four issues) £10 (£9 in UK, $22 in US) Single issues £2.60 ($6)

Oxford University Press 1978

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poverty and landlessness in rural Asia

Concentrates attention on problems of inequality of landownership and income distribution and calls for a wider distribution of productive assets as an essential component of development strategy. Eleven research studies covering seven Asian countries including China.

ISBN 92-2-101766-4 (limp cover) £8.75
ISBN 92-2-101767-2 (hard cover) £11.25

Collective bargaining in industrialised countries. Recent trends and problems

Labour-Management Relation Series, No. 56

This is one of a series of symposia designed for different regions and different groups of countries, in order to permit a fruitful discussion of the major trends and problems in the field of collective bargaining, and of the way in which this means of action can be promoted, bearing in mind the constraints.

ISBN 92-2-101943-8 £4.40

The determinants of labour force participation in Yugoslavia

by M. Rasevic, T. Mulina and M. Macura

This major country study surveys general economic, social demographic trends in Yugoslavia, 1953-1971. It describes changes in the rate of economic activity of the population, examines marital and educational characteristics including the maternal status of females. Summarises the census information on economic activity with some emphasis on migrant workers.

ISBN 92-2-101900-4 £6.25

Co-operatives for the disabled: organisation and development

A report giving a detailed account of the Invalids' Co-operative movement in Poland, which provides comprehensive rehabilitation and employment for some 200,000 physically and mentally disabled persons. This approach may well be applicable in other countries seeking to develop and expand employment opportunities for their disabled citizens.

ISBN 92-2-101929-2 £2.50

Teachers' pay

Drawing on material relating to the public sector of education in over 70 countries, this new study examines in a world-wide context teachers' pay and the purchasing power of teachers' earnings.

ISBN 92-2-101862-8 £3.75

These and other ILO publications can be seen at our stand at the **LONDON BOOK FAIR** at the Grosvenor House Hotel (10-11 October, 1978).

INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE

ILO Branch Office (Dept. N.St.)
87/91 New Bond Street,
London W1Y 9LA.
Tel: 01-499 2084.

Alan Watkins

The Freelance

Maurice Richardson, who died last week at 71, was not only one of the most versatile but one of the best journalists of his time. He tended to write about what interested him. And he was interested in many things: in thrillers, criminals, low life generally, gossip, psychiatry, snakes, rats (which he considered unjustly maligned creatures), animal life generally, boxing and women. There was an exception: television. He did not greatly care for it. Yet in the *Observer* of the 1950s he invented the modern television column. And if he did not exactly invent the quick review of 100 words or so, he nevertheless brought to it an unprecedented degree of craftsmanship and care.

He came from Budleigh Salterton, the son of a stock jobber. He would recall that the house had not one but two billiard rooms. However, his father 'lost his money', an unhappy condition which was to be Maurice's also for much of his life. He was educated at Oundle and at New College, Oxford, which he left without a degree. He was a big man who looked shorter than he was on account of his breadth. Like many of his physical type, he possessed quite delicate hands, smallish feet and a rolling gait even when absolutely sober. During the last five years or so these periods became increasingly frequent. 'On the wagon', Maurice would announce tersely; and special expeditions had accordingly to be organised to those pubs which happened to stock the brand of mineral water currently favoured by him.

He could be charming and he could be garrulous. He also exuded a kind of menace: usually, to be sure, without intending to do so. Partly, no doubt, the feelings of apprehension he could arouse were due to his expertise as a boxer. He would sometimes wave his fists about in an alarming manner to demonstrate some pugilistic point. Partly also he caused unease because of his handsome but aggressive appearance. With his massive head and slightly protuberant, rather mad blue eyes, he resembled Randolph Churchill and, before the latter's death, was indeed frequently mistaken for him.

Most good journalists carve out a slice of country of their own that is social or topographical. It is somehow where they properly belong. Maurice moved effortlessly between Soho and Fleet Street, with occasional excursions to Hampstead and Chelsea. He was as much at his ease in the York Minster (better known as the French Pub) and the Colony Room (better known as Muriel's) as in El Vino (always known as El Vino's). He enjoyed dual citizenship, of Grub Street and Bohemia.

The area depicted above was, so to speak, his spiritual or proper home. The reality – even if Maurice did find an occasional resting-place in Soho – was somewhat different. With his wife, he once had a largeish house in Golders Green. Pursued and harassed by the Inland Revenue, he was compelled to sell up and move to Suffolk. No doubt he was imprudent in his habits and lax in his accounting. But he did not have expensive tastes. He liked good food, good drink and the occasional – or, when the manic mood was upon him, the frequent – night out. That was about all. Nor did he earn large sums through his journalism. He was a genuine freelance who earned every penny by producing copy, always craftsmanlike, often memorable. Men with a tenth of his talent and with NUJ cards in their wallets are pulling in three times his salary – not that he earned a proper salary – as Forward Planning or Future Projects Editor or whatever of the *Daily Blank*. The journalistic moral the cautious might extract from his life would be: 'Get a job on the staff, my boy.'

Yet the moral would be the wrong one. He gave much to a trade or profession that partially recognised but never adequately rewarded him. The credit balance was his, except at the bank. And, though inclined to depression, often with every reason, he nonetheless enjoyed life to the end. He did not behave as an old age pensioner of six years' standing. Indeed most people put him at around 60. Two weeks ago he attended the *Spectator* party at the Lyceum and took the dance floor. A few days before that he had suffered a minor heart attack. It did not seem to concern him greatly. On the night of the party he dined with a woman friend. ('Very good but rather expensive. Thank God she was paying.') Three days later he died in his sleep at a friend's house in Tunbridge Wells. He will be greatly missed, as much by literary and other editors as, in a different way, by his friends.

Maurice Richardson*

Albion

A Nation or No Nation? by ENOCH POWELL edited by Richard Ritchie *Batsford Ltd* £5.50

Why should this warped, albeit learned and talented, twerp decry our neo-English multiracial society, which is making England, in so many ways, a better country? I doubt whether you will find the answer in this book. It is a selection from Enoch's speeches and writings over the last six years and, naturally, it does not tell you an awful lot about its author. It certainly does not reveal the significant fact that Enoch is, genetically speaking, approximately one-eighth Indian. What effect this chromosomal eccentricity has upon our demagogue we do not know. But we are tempted to draw parallels with the far less intelligent and humane and infinitely more destructive Adolph Schickelgruber.

Let us begin with the Greek professor's King Charles's head; immigration. The first fact, which he refuses to face, is that social change is the law of life, and that Britain has become a multi-racial society. What the result will be, it is too early yet to tell. In many respects the prospects are enormously

*This is the last piece that Maurice Richardson, a much-valued and long-serving contributor, wrote for the NEW STATESMAN. Alan Watkins's memoir is printed above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

encouraging. Indians. West Indians, Africans, Cypriots, and Chinese have become, in many areas, exceedingly well assimilated. They have introduced a note of gaiety into the English way of life which was dismally lacking before. I am not referring in this connection to a freak area such as Soho; but to, let us say, Chiswick High Road. Here there is no friction whatsoever. A walk along this once dismal thoroughfare is an enchantment. The other day, for instance I chatted with Ghanaian mini-cab drivers about the downfall of Nkruma and had breakfast in a spotless café run by Cypriots, named The Ritz; fried egg on toast and tea for 38p. I then bought *The Times* at a papershop run by an Indian lady from Kenya. I showed her the photograph of Enoch Powell on the jacket of this book and asked her what she thought. She said, 'He looks Indian and a little Jewish about the nose. And also he looks like a man in a dream.' I asked her what sort of a dream and she shook her head. 'Not a good dream,' she said. 'His mouth is too cruel.' This, as far as I can remember, is very much the impression that Malcolm Muggeridge, who knows Enoch well, has of him. (Malcolm, of course, is perhaps a tiny bit jealous because he remembers that 'Enoch walked with God'.)

Reading through the often tautologous but generally pseudo-cogently expressed set of inconsistent opinions in this selection, I begin to wonder whether poor Enoch is not in fact walking with the Devil. In almost every direction his policies lead to incipient chaos. There is, however, one great consolation, which is that his unreason has cut him off from the main body of the Conservative Party. If the Devil were able he would effect an alliance between Enoch Powell and Margaret Thatcher. Then, indeed, would the prophecy of the Fool in Lear come true: 'Then will the realm of Albion come to great confusion.' How sad and strange it is that a Greek scholar, who should be steeped in the divine humanism of Homer, is giving himself over, like Achilles, to the promotion of Strife.

This English

The rogue apostrophe has come galloping back into town – in a Government Health Warning (was that the work of a civil servant or some giggling copywriter?) and in a headline. Next, a hyphen nips in where it's not wanted, further distorting a near-homophone. I have harked on about 'harping back', and here is concrete proof that usage has admitted the phrase. We end with a diverting neologism.

☐ Middle Tar as defined in H.M. Government Tables. H.M. Government Health Departments' Warning: Cigarettes Can Seriously Damage Your Health. *H.M. Government* (J. G. Halliday)

☐ Crash Victims Say Hospital Staff Did'nt Spot Injuries **Headline** *Western Mail* (Gareth Williams)

☐ Finding the Going Tough – Lou and Dave Hinds (left) with other ex-patriot Rhodesians at the Kensington hostel. **Caption** *Evening Standard* (R. Miller)

☐ Clearly there is no point in harping back to the 1950s and 1960s . . . **Geoffrey Maynard** *Guardian* (J. G. Halliday)

☐ His own text is studded with the wonderful assinities of critics and academics on the subject of the comic. **Benny Green** *Spectator* (W. S. Brownlie)

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Peter Conrad

A Repertory of Selves

Der Ring des Nibelungen *Covent Garden; further performances on 9, 10, 12 and 14 October*

Diaries, Volume 1, 1869-77 by COSIMA WAGNER *Collins* £15

The excitements of Covent Garden's *Ring* are mostly technological. The precipitous, piston-rodded platform designed by Svoboda for Götz Friedrich's production is not only a scenic device but a presiding idea. Theatrically, it is what Peter Brook calls 'the empty space', a neutral acting-area on which illusory worlds are constructed and then toppled. At the beginning and the end of the cycle it is a grim vacant slab, but in between it has shelved, tipped and revolved, excavated a river bed for the Rhine maidens or a factory for Alberich's minions, sprouted the mountain peaks on which Wotan prowls, until at last it clears off its clutter of actors and gadgetry and, after the holocaust in *Götterdämmerung*, resumes its inactive peace. Metaphorically, the platform stands for Friedrich's notion of the *Ring* as a technological epic. In marxist aesthetic theory, epic is the form which dramatises the economic operations of society rather than otiosely describing (as the novel does) its veneer of manners: hence Hegel's nomination of the shield of Achilles as an epic icon because it represents the making of the weapons not their appearance. The *Ring* is about the industrial creation and distribution of wealth, and Svoboda's platform is therefore not only a stage but an engine. The piston both does the work of moving it and is the motivating centre of the action: around it is gripped the ruddy clump of the Rhinegold; encased in a retracting prepuce of lenses it is Alberich's conning-tower in Nibelheim: Erda nests in it, and the Norns unravel their metaphysical tackle from its shafts.

The platform is square, not a circle like Wieland Wagner's Bayreuth doughnuts, because Friedrich insists on the eclectic contradictions of the *Ring*, not, like Wieland, on its unity. The slab adapts itself to Friedrich's different distortions of each instalment. Because *Das Rheingold* is hierarchical and hieratic, a graduated chain of being on which are arrayed an effete aristocracy of gods, a muscle-bound trade union of giants, an underworld of dwarfish toilers and giggling nixies, the platform upends itself as a staircase. When in *Die Walküre* the gods begin to intervene in the human world, the platform changes from a vertical ladder to a horizontal landscape of rocky clefts and crevasses. The Walsungs flee across the platform through this black, blood-smeared nature: the gods meanwhile have taken to the air. In the comic apprenticeship of *Siegfried* the platform challenges the hero with a series of obstacles, tossing nauseously as he fights the dragon, turning like the earth gravely on its axis as he climbs the mountain. As Friedrich sees it, *Götterdämmerung* represents a degeneration: a leisured society is now living off its wealth, enfeebled by luxury, so in the Gibichung hall the platform stops work and settles down into furniture. For the first time it condescends to be decor.

Friedrich's *Rheingold* is a Brechtian parable about money-lust. Brass and music are, as Brecht prescribed, ranklingly alienated. Belying the music, the entry into Valhalla is staged as a courtly goose-step. The characters are parodied by kinky costumes and fatuous postures. Loge is Gershwin's Sportin' Life in a flame-coloured kaftan, Froh a twittering ninny, Donner a hammer-fisted oaf, Fricka a rich bitch craving jewellery, Alberich a golliwog. Fetishistic headgear and armour-plated make-up (Fricka is fitted with a cupidinous silver mask, Wotan's stripped head is the half-section of a skull, the Rhinemaidens wear slimy sequinned swimming-caps, Brünnhilde's face is coated with warpaint) advertise Friedrich's dictatorial Brechtian intentions: he covers the faces to prevent the characters from pretending to individual reactions or expressions, to lock them inside his conception.

This is the weakness of his *Walküre*, staged as a Strindbergian round of marital and parental squabbles. Sympathy is perversely withheld by making characters change places (Hunding is now a sleek, punctilious householder, Siegmund a shaggy, piratical vagabond) or by blotting them out (Brünnhilde is victimised by being made to sing her announcement of Siegmund's death without light on her face, and her self-defence to Wotan crouching invisible in a cave).

Siegfried, brilliantly mocked by Friedrich, is an antic strip-cartoon. Wagner's superman turns out to be L'il Abner, a sulky bucolic brat, with Mime as his Jewish mother, beating an inedible mess from suspect eggs, dapper in a ratty coonskin coat. The dragon is a mechanical comic-book marvel, its skirt of barbed pincers protecting a Halloween pumpkin. The characters are Disneyfied, endowed with the guile and playfulness of the animals with whom they share the forest: Mime, an agile earwig, does acrobatics in the intensity of his murderous joy; Alberich lurks behind fronds of ticker-tape like a guard dog; Wotan, stooping to comedy, serves up cosmic mysteries as quiz questions.

Like Shaw, Friedrich seems to distrust *Götterdämmerung* because it has outgrown the radicalism of *Rheingold* and inflated Brechtian music-drama into hyperbolic grand opera. *Götterdämmerung* describes Siegfried's corruption, which is also Wagner's. The Gibichungs inhabit a hall of mirrors and distorting, inverting lenses because theirs is a realm of false values. Wagner called them (as Cosima's diaries report) 'a nice family', but Friedrich represents them as affluent, inbred degenerates. Siegfried capitulates to their acquisitive cravings. Hagen explains to him the meaning of wealth in telling him the value of the Tarnhelm and the ring. He is lured into lucrative compromises, and woos Brünnhilde on Gunther's behalf, tamed as a wage-slave

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who now meanly aspires to marry the boss's sister. The potion is Siegfried's political treason. He sells out to a world of pretty women and fancy clothes, changing his pelts for a lustrous tuxedo. Svoboda's optic glasses make this point neatly: as Siegfried enters the hall he pauses, magnified and aggrandised, behind one of them, a hero about to decline into a mere celebrity. Shaw disliked the emotional exorbitance of *Götterdämmerung*. For Friedrich too the opera suffers from the same vice of conspicuous consumption which bedazzles Siegfried, and he sets his production against it, stinting the music and belittling the drama, even posthumously snubbing Siegfried by denying him a funeral march.

Colin Davis's conducting, like Friedrich's production, seems determined to resist the beguilements of the music. The Walsung love-scene has no ecstasy, the forging scene no energy, and the immolation is lugubrious rather than apocalyptic. But Friedrich's political disagreements with the work and Davis's apparent emotional revulsion from it are overborne by the inspired Brünnhilde of Gwyneth Jones. Fearless, tireless and radiant as her voice now is, she is equally eloquent when not singing, in passages like her shuddering revivification, recoiling aghast from the sun's glare, or her sudden panic when Siegfried leaves her next morning, or her appearance in the Gibichung hall, dragged by Gunther like Baudelaire's broken-winged albatross. Wagner called his music an art of transition, and Gwyneth Jones is expert at showing an emotion's modulation into its opposite: hope sagging into guilt and hardening into stubbornness during Waltraute's narration; staggering dismay calming itself into hatred in the Gibichung hall; angry reproach of the gods reconciled as pity during the immolation. She alone is worth the squat at the Prom cycle next week.

Read between performances of the *Ring*, Cosima Wagner's *Diaries* testify, like our own fatigue, to Wagner's demonic capacity to make life abjectly dependent on his art. Genius for him is a power of predestination, monopolising life and rearranging it. In one of the entries Cosima records Wagner saying that genius must possess 'the strength to assimilate' whatever the imagination needs, with a fanatical 'single-mindedness, no concern for life' – or rather a resolution to make life the slave of art. The life described in the *Diaries* is therefore an accessory to Wagner's music. He is 'living on his *Nibelungen*, he owes his existence to them', and by the mesmerism of tyrannical will he obliges life to accommodate him. He conjures up saviours – Ludwig II to sustain him financially, Cosima to succour him emotionally – who appear to him under the guise of his own creations. Ludwig impersonates Lohengrin, endowing Wagner with a Grail which is the Bavarian treasury; Cosima anthologically combines the qualities of all Wagner's heroines. At times in these *Diaries* she is an impulsive Seata, ravished from her husband as her prototype is from Erik by an obsession she calls 'Fate'; at times she is a remorseful Isolde, repeating her sexual truancy; on other occasions she is a sacrificial Elsa; but most often she is Brünnhilde, the deposed goddess who consoles Wagner for his loss of the world. Her service to Wagner comprises Brünnhilde's ties to Wotan and Siegfried: she is the patient medium of his will, as the warrior-maiden in *Die Walküre* is to Wotan, and the willing victim of his ardour, like the awakened woman of *Siegfried*.

Their love alters as Wagner's musical projects develop. It begins as an experimental enactment of *Tristan*, with Bülow as the wronged Marke. Wagner wonders at art's power to discipline life into obedience: 'poetry is always a step ahead, and only retrospectively can the reality prove how correctly the poet has seen things.' Having written *Tristan* he proceeded to reproduce it in life. But when he returns to work on the *Ring*, Cosima changes from a fatal Isolde to a redemptive Brünnhilde and, so exact is art's foreknowledge of life, bears him their son Siegfried on cue, as Wagner is composing the scene of Brünnhilde's submission to Siegfried. Once the child arrives, he too is apprenticed to Wagner's art. Predetermining the future, Wagner decides that the boy's mission will be to conquer the world which defeated his father.

At the rehearsals in Bayreuth in 1876 Wagner uncannily acted all the parts in the *Ring*. In the *Diaries* too he is a compound of his own fictions, by turns a lachrymose Siegmund, a self-confounded Wotan, a shrewdly avaricious Alberich and an insidious, enchanting Klingsor. His labour on the *Ring* is a re-enactment of the *Ring*. Like Wotan he frets to create a world which he must then renounce. He is forever threatening to abandon the *Ring* or destroy it, like Wotan resigning the world to its fate. Like god absconding from the nature he has made, he refuses to attend the *Ring* performances in Munich. Later like an aggrieved god he finds that, having invented his world, he can't populate it, and has to wearily roam Europe in search of adequate interpreters for Bayreuth. Cosima enforces the analogy by deriving a cosmology from musical history. Mozart, she says, is the naïve perfection of paradise; with Beethoven human beings intrude into music; Wagner follows as the advent of religious revelation: like Wotan wresting Erda's secrets from her, he explains a world his predecessors had merely described.

Wagner's work equips him not only with a repertory of selves to assume or assign to others (a spiteful manservant is Alberich; Liszt, listening to an excerpt from *Der Fliegende Holländer*, momentarily becomes the mercenary, uncomprehending Daland) but also with a ritual for his domestic routine. In the *Diaries* quotations from the operas are tags attached to domestic occasions and outings. Wagner wakes Cosima by singing *Lohengrin*, or hails her by hallooing Siegfried's theme; as she returns across Lake Lucerne he pipes the shepherd's motto from *Tristan*. His menagerie is a supplementary cast for the *Ring*: a pet bull is named Hagen, a bird outside the window becomes Siegfried's monitory woodbird. Nature itself aspires to the condition of Wagnerian scenery. Valhalla is at first the Alps near Tribschen, to whose godlike elevation Wagner ascends by sedan-chair; later Wotan's castle changes to the theatre at Bayreuth, eerily illuminated by electricity for the opening ceremonies. Nibelheim is the Rosenmüller cave, or the sooty pall of London: on a steamer from Greenwich, Wagner remarks, 'This is Alberich's dream come true – Nibelheim, world dominion, activity, work, everywhere the oppressive feeling of steam and fog.' Meteorological events are catalogued as nature's approximations to the technological weather of the operas.

But the *Diaries* are more than an anatomy of Wagnerian sorcery. They also incidentally admonish current styles of Wagner production – both the lunar abstractness of Wieland Wagner and the Brechtian puppetry of Friedrich – by revealing Wagner not as Wieland's symbolist poet or Friedrich's jokey epic dramatist but as a musical colleague of the great 19th-century novelists. The *Diaries* humanise and individualise characters who are archetypally obscured by Wieland or grotesquely guyed by Friedrich. Thus Wagner describes the 'child-like cruelty' of the Rhinemaidens, whose elation at Siegfried's fall implies the wide indifference of nature to personal disasters, or explains Fafner's resignation to death as an animal's involuntary stoicism: 'death comes to [the animal] unexpectedly, whereas a human being has been fighting against it all his life'. Similarly, Wagner points out that his orchestra isn't 'homophonous' but a loose, novelistic alliance of instruments, each of which confers individuality of different characters or landscapes. The English horn certifies 'Gutrune's utter innocence'; the glockenspiel in Brünnhilde's immolation catches the flickering glee of the flames; the instrumentation of the Norns' theme is witchily virginal, lacking the vibrancy of the heart; the harp in *Das Rheingold* scatters an incense-cloud. The *Diaries* register Wagner's helpless protest at Friedrich's alienatory parody of his work and Davis's chaste repression of it.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

In His Humour

The Double Dealer *Olivier*
The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie *Bush*

Froth, Plyant, Careless, Brisk, Maskwell, Touchwood . . . the names proclaim that the characters of *The Double Dealer*, as of so many other plays of the period, will bear roughly the same relation to life as gaudily painted kites to the weather. Bluntly, they'll be caricatures, though, the author being Congreve, classy and stylish caricatures: 'intellectual gladiators', as Dr Johnson called them, ever-ready with 'gay remarks and unexpected answers'. Their very backchat will consist of, in Hazlitt's words, 'a shower of brilliant conceits, a tissue of epigrams in prose', rather as if (Charles Lamb this time) they constituted 'a world in themselves, almost as much as fairy-land'. And yet is dazzling dessication, empty bravura really adequate to sum up the impression they make, at any rate in the theatre? Certainly, those who trekked off to the South Bank last week will have found it difficult to continue thinking of Congreve as the dainty Ariel of British wit. Caught in the coils and clutches of Peter Wood's subtle production, the comedy of humours was looking strangely real, at times even embryonically tragical.

Lady Touchwood, the high-ranking harlot whose best efforts are aimed at seducing and ruining her nephew, the innocuous Mellefont, has (we realised) some astonishingly feral

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lines to deliver; and, indeed, Sara Kestelman, her mouth a crimson gash and her voice somewhere between a growl and a hiss, comes pretty close to transforming the character from a pre-Disney Cruella de Ville into a latter-day Lady Macbeth or Phèdre, a hell-bitch on heat. Meanwhile, and still more interestingly, Michael Bryant is busy finding a skulking, shambling pathos in Sir Paul Plyant, Mellefont's appointed father-in-law. His dreadful wife has denied him the son he abjectly craves. In fact, she has long kept him trussed and cocooned at night, to stop him tampering with her. She insults him in company, furiously attacks him when he rightly suspects he's about to be cuckolded. And somehow the poor fellow convinces himself he's married a 'fine, well-spoken woman', who treats him better than he deserves. For Congreve's audiences this was doubtless enough to reduce him to what the stage-directions accuse him of being, 'an uxorious, foolish old knight'; but that dismissive summary doesn't satisfy Mr Bryant. He confutes the scoffers with a man of feeling and humble dignity, who lets slip his embarrassment and misery in shy, apologetic monosyllables, as if the stage were an interview-room at the Tavistock and he himself a first-time visitor. Even the sofa-stuffing that quaintly droops over his ears cannot sidetrack us from taking him seriously when he declares, as he does more than once, that his 'heart is breaking'.

This is a marvellously considered performance, and there's another from Robert Stephens, who has come to specialise in reclaiming dramatic monsters, or at least in mitigating their excesses. To his Claudius, Pastor Manders and Trigorin must now be added his Maskwell, not so simply the 'villain' the cast-list dubs him. Mr Stephens, uncannily talented though he is, hasn't the magic to alter the text, and is obliged to betray his friends and snitch their women, as Congreve dictated. But he humanises the hanky-panky, performing it with a strangely doleful look, as if no one in the world were more overburdened or put-upon than he. At times he watches himself with puzzled fascination, a one-man scientific survey. At others his face becomes mottled and twisted with the sheer mental strain of stitching together all those plots and somehow making each consistent with each. In Mr Stephens's resourceful mouth the phrase 'no more' can express superhuman exhaustion and 'I don't know', equally flat and meaningless in the original, glum depths of injury and disappointment. At first sight, Congreve would seem to have postulated a gleefully conscienceless predator, a civvy-street Iago: this Maskwell is a deliquent Eeyore.

There's nice support from Nicholas Selby, Nicky Henson and (especially) Dorothy Tutin, whose Lady Plyant swoops up and down the octaves in an ecstasy of breathless prurience. Only Ralph Richardson, playing the endlessly abused Touchwood, fails to generate much personality. The sum effect is not, I should emphasise, lacking in laughter; but the laughter, being extracted from the quiddities of character rather than the excrescences of cartoon, is kindlier and more humane than one could reasonably have expected. True, Congreve's celebrated cynicism is scarcely diluted – as how could it be? Of the four women on show, only one doesn't spend her waking hours finding someone other than her husband with whom to sleep, and that's presumably because she's still unmarried; and there's plenty of vanity, folly and pig-witted credulity to be found among the six men. But, witness the Bryant Plyant, cynicism need not exclude compassion. Congreve *can* feel, and make us do so too.

Critics (remember *Saved*?) should beware of letting an instinctive disgust blind them to merit. Equally, they should remember that something doesn't become meritorious for being disgusting. Albert Innaurato's *Blimpie,* about a fat boy whose yobbo parents detest him, whose affectionate grandpa is killed by the teenager he's trying to rape, whose peers beat him, sexually abuse him, and cram dog excrement into his mouth, and who ends up lopping off bits of himself and eating them – yes, its disgusting all right. It is also solemn and ponderous and weirdly arch, laboriously 'meaningful' without actually having much in the way of meaning to put across: in short, meritless. Seeing it is rather like being touched up on the tube by some spectacularly slimy bishop.

Television

Julian Barnes

Screechissimo

Piiiiiing. Whaaaaaaa. Wheeeeeeeargh. Tiptiptip. Gabblegabblegabble. Poooong. The artist today, according to Luigi Nono in *Viva a Venezia* (BBC-2), must realise that 'his work is not a mirror of his ego or a mirror of the world, but an intervention into the world'. Piiing. Whaaa. A reasonable enough opinion for an artist to hold. The trouble was, that after half an hour's soundtrack of the composer's electronic interventional whines and whoops, superspeed taped voices, sounds of glass mobiles clinking in the breeze, and the

OCT-DEC 1978 LONDON-BERLIN THE SEVENTIES MEET THE TWENTIES

a series of cultural events

Theatre

Season at the Open Space Theatre

Samuel Beckett directs Rick Cluchey in
Krapp's Last Tape
Also Endgame
San Quentin Drama Workshop
18 – 29 October

Brecht Season
British premiere
Fatzer-Materials
7 November – 3 December
British premiere
A Respectable Wedding
12 December – 7 January

Season at the Half Moon Theatre:
Bertolt Brecht *Arturo Ui*
12 October – 18 November
Ernst Toller
The Machine Wreckers
27 November – 23 December

A Satirical Revue
Hoppla ! Wir leben !
(Hey We are alive !)
Brecht, Mehring, Tucholsky, Eisler, Weill
23 November – 9 December
Round House

Films

From Expressionism to Hitler
Expressionist, realistic, social-critical films of the Twenties
10 October – 7 December
Goethe Institute London

German Entertainment Cinema in the Twenties
15 October – 9 November
National Film Theatre

Cityscape
New German Films
5 December – 21 December
Institute of Contemporary Arts

Readings

New German Poetry
Delius, Fried, Kunze, Theobaldy
23 and 24 October
Goethe Institute London

Poetry Evening
Hans Magnus Enzensberger and Adrian Mitchell
19 November
Purcell Room

Schwitters Evening
Stefan Themerson and Eberhard Blum
30 November
Goethe Institute London

Full information and programme booklet (30p) from Goethe Institute London, 50/51 Princes Gate, London SW7 2PG. Telephone: 01-581 3344-7 and from Partner Organisations

Concerts

To mark the beginning of
THE SEVENTIES MEET THE TWENTIES
The English Bach Festival in assoc. with Goethe Institute presents
COLOGNE RADIO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Conductor Hiroshi Wakasugi
SUNDAY OCTOBER 15 at 7.30pm
ZIMMERMAN
Die Soldaten-Vocal Symphony
(British première)
STRAVINSKY
The Rite of Spring
ROYAL ALBERT HALL

Haydn, Maschek, Jörns, Mozart
Consortium Classicum
16 October
Queen Elizabeth Hall

Maulwerke
by Dieter Schnebel
Music theatre
29 October
Riverside Studios

Ludwig Van* and *1898
by Mauricio Kagel
The London Sinfonietta
Conductor **Mauricio Kagel**
13 November
Queen Elizabeth Hall

Stravinsky, Bartok, Schönberg, Eisler
Piano Recital by
Pi-hsien Chen
14 November
Purcell Room

Pijper, Hindemith, Tscherepnine, Goossens, Malipiero
Göbel Trio Berlin
18 November
Goethe Institute London

Concerts at the Round House:
Stravinsky, Hindemith, von Bose, Weill
The London Sinfonietta
19 November

2 concerts by
Gruppe Neue Musik Berlin
Humel, Walton, Hindermith, Brettingham Smith and others
26 November
Music Circus: Ives, Liebermann, Blacher
Wahren Siebert and Pfrengle
3 December

Music Workshop:
Concerts, Lectures, Master Classes, Demonstrations
Oeldorf Gruppe and Hydra
13 December – 17 December
Goethe Institute London

Exhibitions

Otto Dix – Drawings and Prints
The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
11-28 October
Goethe Institute London

31 London Artists from Germany
11 October – 28 October
Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany

Karl Arnold and Arthur Segal
20 October – 27 November
2 Exhibitions at Fischer Fine Art

Mies van der Rohe and the Bauhaus
25 October – 9 November
Building Centre

Book Exhibition
Trends of the Twenties
26 October – 10 November
Lufthansa Travel Centre

Ernst Neuschul
2 November – 22 November
Campbell & Franks Fine Art

The Weimar Republic
Documentary Exhibition,
Lectures, Films
3 November – 6 December
Goethe Institute London

The Twenties in Berlin
Höch, Baader, Hausmann, Grosz
9 November – 27 January
Annely Juda Fine Art

13°E
11 Artists working in Berlin
10 November – 22 December
Whitechapel Art Gallery

Hans Richter
Painter and Filmmaker
10 November – 2 December
Polytechnic of Central London

Neue Sachlichkeit and German Realism of the Twenties
11 November – 14 January
Hayward Gallery, *an Arts Council exhibition*

Social Housing in the Weimar Republic
15 November – 7 December
Architectural Association

Berlin – A Critical View
16 November – 2 January
Institute of Contemporary Arts

Hans Casparius – Filmmaker and Photographer
7 December – 6 January
Photographers' Gallery and Goethe Institute London
7 – 22 December

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occasional lucid Bartokian ping, the question which rose implacably to the lips was, Hooooooooow?

Nono turned out to be an engaging, Gramsci-quoting communist, who lives in a charming house in Venice with a wonderful view: the sort you get when your head is in the clouds. He talked sensibly about art being undogmatic and unauthoritarian, while in the background his music wailed on like a grumpy dream. The film's intermittent attacks of Tony Palmerism (cut-in shots of baton-wielding police and Cong-zapping gunships) were clearly intended to point up Nono's belief that his music encloses the essence of man's yearning for freedom in the face of capitalist oppression; yet all they did was endorse the huge gap between his sincere wishes for music's capabilities and the stuff he was actually writing. Music, after all, is hopeless at describing things (could anyone work out Strauss's *Symphonia Domestica* without notes?); and it can make social comment about as easily as can architecture or cookery. *Viva a Venezia,* finely photographed by John Hooper, kept making the same argument against itself: one picture tells a hundred symphonies. The final point about Nono's music seems even more basic: who enjoys its cleansingly anti-capitalist cries except for bourgeois music critics? It is jolly humanitarian of Nono to go into a Mestre factory and reproduce for performance, as near as he can, the chatter and wail of machinery; but the idea of a migrant worker, having been deafened all day by industrial clatter, going home, slapping on his Koss headphones and drinking in an aesthetically modulated version of just that clatter is, to say the least, a touch ridiculous.

He'd be more likely, of course, to settle down in front of the Italian version of LWT's well-furnished reconstruction of decadent late-capitalist society, *Lillie*, currently moving at a pace which a man coming off a double shift and having to read subtitles would probably find relaxing. Grandfather clocks tick heavily through most scenes, like metronomes dictating the funereal pace; ramrod butlers pass at a stately plod, and ramrod dialogue is formally exchanged. 'You sold yourself to a pompous bore . . .' and 'You were the sun, the moon, the only light in the universe . . .' were two of the livelier passages this week, pronounced screechissimo by Lillie's brother, who promptly threw himself off a cliff, perhaps to avoid any more such lines. And when Lillie went to her first salon, she met with one of those introductions which the mockery of a million cinema and TV critics can't, it seems, stop scriptwriters from coming up with: 'Mrs Langtry, may I present Mr Millais; you've probably seen some of his paintings.' The future PRA scarcely had time to dip his brush in the Jersey Lily before Leighton, Whistler and Frank Giles bounded up with their own pressing intros.

Scanning the credits for the guilty penmen (David Butler and John Gorrie), I noticed an odd name: that of Mike Smith. Not an odd name *per se,* I grant you; only in terms of his function. He crops up in the titles just before the acknowledgement of James Brough's *The Prince and the Lily,* from which the series is taken, and his line reads: 'Based on an idea by Mike Smith.' What do you think that means? Is he the first man at LWT to have heard of Lillie Langtry? Is he the man who happened to be reading Brough's book when it occurred to him that you could save yourself a lot of time watching it on telly instead, as with the second world war and so on? Is he, perhaps, the person who thought up the terrific idea of having a watercolour of a lily across the opening titles, presumably to encourage adherents of *On the Move* to watch? I wonder what you have to do nowadays to have an idea on which things can be based. For instance, can I have a credit-line for suggesting a soap opera based on the lives of Mr and Mrs John Brown, the test-tube parents? You could have Drs Steptoe and Edwards as a sort of Finlay/Cameron double act. Can I have lots of money for the idea, please? Or even a little money?

Some of the best recent drama has been in BBC-2's half-hour slot *Premiere 2*, which gives new directors their debut. Last week, Frederic Raphael controlled, in a loosely surrealistic way, his own tense, nervy and witty play about the domestic and career worries of a 37-year-old (Husband: 'Do you have orgasms?' Wife: 'Can't you tell?' Husband, suddenly concerned: 'Is it when you ask for a glass of water afterwards?'). This week brought a Barrie Keefe play which mysteriously slipped through the Whitehouse net. Appropriately following the week's most horrible swivel into NVLA-approved family-fantasy – Norman Wisdom in a white polo-neck crooning *Love Makes the World Go Round* on *Des O'Connor Tonight* – it contained an authentic stench of the dole-queue in Phil Daniels's foxy, asparagus-complexioned leather boy and his two louche sidekicks. With an easy, slouching pace, *Hanging Around* (directed by Malcolm Mowbray) built up through images of exclusion: the three aimless boys gaze successively, with a sort of blank longing, at car showrooms, Dry Cane hoardings, sexshop windows, bowling alleys. Everything revolves round money and not having it: not having it means also not having fun, drink, sex – 'My bruvver pulls like a cow-milker, cos 'e's got 'is own transport, see?' So how can you have fun without nicking things? One always half-expects Keefe's plays to turn painfully fierce; this one kept square within the emotional range offered by half an hour, and was glum, funny and touchingly plausible. It did, however, contain a dangerous degree of real life; and we can confidently count on the BBC to ban it when a repeat is scheduled.

Blake Morrison

Flood

We live in the promise of miraculous lakes:
Dagenham, Greenwich, Wapping, the Isle
of Dogs . . .

'When the siren sounds, those in the
blue environs
Should proceed immediately to
non-risk zones.'

Spring tides, high winds: for days we
can hear
Of nothing else, our eyes bright
with disaster,

Our dreams chronicles of
'mountaing anarchie,
the river folke frantick, shippës trappt
in trees . . .

And the dove we sent out, when it
came back
Had the brown glaze of estuaries on
its beak . . .'

In our dreams are no sandbags to hold back
the flood:
We would bring the whole world down if
we could.

Radio

Peter Porter

Prize Bores

Alan Haydock made up a programme of excerpts from the winners and front-runners in the recent *Italia Prize* and sent it home from Milan. This was the 30th anniversary of the setting-up of the prize, but although the BBC was involved from the start and has always supported the prize, by submitting entries and sending representatives as judges, the timing of this transmission (11p.m. Sunday, Radio 3) suggests no very great commitment to the outcome. Perhaps, though, the BBC has bought some of the successful entries for future broadcasting. Not too many, I hope, as the excerpts which Haydock gave us were even more daunting than one's most pessimistic expectation.

For many years I have been convinced that there are radio programmes and Italia Prize programmes, the second order being planned from the start purely for the ears of the international jury and having little to do with broadcasting in the ordinary sense. It happened that I heard Haydock's compilation after a week of serving on a radio-prize jury myself, as one of the judges of two categories in the annual Imperial Tobacco Radio Awards (our decision will not be made public until November 29). But the Imperial Tobacco set-up stipulates ten different categories and receives up to 30 or 40 nominations in each category. Even so I noticed that, in the drama and dramatised-feature categories, which I helped judge, some outstanding programmes I heard during the previous year had not been entered. It also seemed to me that ten categories were not enough – some excellent programmes appeared to fit none of them.

The Italia Prize, however, has only three sectors – a programme involving music, a documentary and a feature. The language barrier is not as troublesome as it may seem. Programmes devised to win international prizes tend to use English as their base, unless they are made in France (just like the *Eurovision Song Contest*). One winner, rightly deprecated by Haydock, was a Finnish satire on avant-garde music, and was entered in a specially-made English version. Insipidity goes well into international English. Far more disturbing is the strong bias towards innovatory sound of whatever degree of success. Philosophical pretension and whimsy are always well thought of, and the jury has a fine ear for a famous name. The compensating corollary of this star-hunting is a patronising

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interest in anything hailing from a small broadcasting service or an emergent nation. Such biases seem to me endemic to all Pentecostal summitry in the Arts. I have a bad dream of the ultimate Italia Prize winner. It will present in awesomely amplified binaural stereo the sound of two rats eating their way through a copy of *Das Kapital,* intercut with alternating on-the-spot recordings of the night-shift at a Renault factory and scenes of torture from Pinochet's gaols. It will be made in France and somehow the rats will convey to us that they are French. This year's winner in the music section did come from France and went some way towards fulfilling my expectations, if the passage broadcast was typical. It was a child-birth scena, with amplified heartbeats and primal screams. This is one we shall hear soon on Radio 3.

God gets a good deal of official bromide on His Own Day, so it was pleasant to encounter a series of programmes which took Him and His Antagonist seriously – *God and Caesar* (Radio 4) – in which Trevor Beeson, Canon of Westminster Abbey, took out a tape recorder to report on the relations between church and state in Italy, Rumania, South Africa and England. It was not surprising to discover that both parties are getting along with each other very well – so well, indeed, that Christians who are not also administrators and bureaucrats are worried by the smoothness of the cooperation. The Rumanian scene was perhaps the most densely observed: it also offered the best examples of seamless hypocrisy (in the person of the state coordinator of religions) and fiery non-conformism (an intransigent Baptist suspicious of the Orthodox Church's special relationship with the Communist State). It seems that the English like their established church, without wanting much more than to be married and buried in it. As one man put it – the Anglican Church is like fox-hunting; most of us don't do it, but we like to think that it's going on. Canon Beeson has a worrier's voice, which is very good for broadcasting: it lends integrity to some of his more banal moments. As always happens, the Fundamentalists had the best tunes. A Dutch Reformed Church theologian must be the last non-marxist professional with the certainty of an oracle.

I strayed to the unfamiliar pastures of Radio 2 to listen to a programme honouring the 80th birthday of *George Gershwin.* Except for the girl who sang *It Ain't Necessarily So,* the music was poorly excerpted and listlessly performed, but Arthur Schwartz, a veteran songwriter who knew Gershwin well, was a marvellous presenter and raconteur. His account of positioning himself close to the piano at a private play-through by Gershwin of the just-composed score of *Porgy and Bess,* only to have his vision blocked by a late arrival, Gertrude Stein, was a gem of the higher name-dropping.

I shall try to return to the breathless topic of the new radio wavebands from time to time, as the dread November date draws near. Nothing else, at the moment, seems to be concerning the BBC. One thought to end on – if the Government had stood up for our interests at the international conference on wavelengths (or if it had been properly briefed), we wouldn't have needed to do all this shuffling around. It is extraordinary that the mighty BBC should have lost airspace to Lord knows what sort of continental broadcasting body.

Sport

Russell Davies

Home & Away

☐ I should like to emphasise that I am serious about Johan Cruyff. I am still definitely interested. There has been no slackening off of interest as far as this side of the table is concerned. Everyone here at Great Turnstile would be overjoyed to have Johan on the strength. I regard him as a boon to any internationally-minded team such as our own, and that goes for my chairman too, and his chairman before him. But Johan is of course a cagey customer with many commitments on his worldwide plate and I would not expect an affirmative answer from him straight away. What I can say at this stage is that I am still hopeful that Johan might be persuaded to make a number of one-off appearances in this column in the not too distant future, although I am fully cognisant of the fact that he has declared his total opposition in principle and in practice to the scheme whereby he would appear here on a column-by-column basis which would not commit him to a full English season. I have made it plain to Johan that I have at my disposal upwards of minus two million pounds, some considerable part of which could be his in the event of his signing any sort of contract linking his services with us here at the Turnstile. While there is life there is hope, I say. But that is all very much in the lap of the gods. Meanwhile I can assure our fans that we have made every effort to ensure that their future entertainment is guaranteed by the prospect of signing Johan, and that if all goes well we may possibly be receiving in the next few weeks a small crate of this great player's old socks which we shall be honoured and delighted to raffle to our 'faithful' over the Xmas period. Until that time, the present staff do its best to deserve your continued support and patronage. Thanks, Johan!

☐ The world of boxing has lately been so full of phantom achievements like M. Ali's hug-and-tug demoralisation of Leon Spinks that it was pleasing – or at the very least startling – to see John Conteh flatten Leonardo Roger in their recent London bout. It is rather horrible to have to admit that a punch as good as this is exhilarating to watch. The change so suddenly wrought in the physical coordination of the victim – Roger was an outstanding example, since he thought he was on top – is so surprising that one's impulse is to burst out laughing. I certainly laughed when Roger fell over. It wasn't the fact of his defeat that was amusing, but the moment of horrible perplexity that occurred before his body decided it had better lie low for a while. Perhaps there is also an element of relief in one's reaction, in that a punch as decisive as this one more or less cancels the tension of conflict that has hitherto kept one's nerves taut. The television coverage on this occasion intensified the effect, since we were looking face-on at Conteh, and could see his features screw up in a momentary grimace of exertion and purpose: Roger's head masked the actual blow, so its effect was all the more dramatic. So there I was, all a-giggle with *Schadenfreude* only a few weeks after the death of Jacopucci in the ring. The Italians, incidentally, have not got over this so quickly. I watched their relay of Spinks and Ali (they still call him Clay, and Spinks Sphinx) in Florence, and even allowing for the fact that they appear to dub their commentary on afterwards, so that it comes out at the best of times as a sort of endless unarousable mumble, I thought I detected an all-round weariness of the fight-game. The Italian left-wing press, of course, takes every opportunity to point up the elements of corruption in present-day American boxing.

☐ I find it hard to join in the chorus of scorn to which Liverpool has been treated since losing to Nottingham in the European Cup. I was out of the country when the first leg was played (the Italian papers were full of panic statistics, drawing attention to the number of goals the British and Germans had scored as opposed to the Italian trickle) and was surprised that Liverpool conceded two goals in that match. I rather expected them to equalise at home, in spite of Nottingham's recent impressive record of containment against them. What I did not expect was such widespread condemnation of Liverpool's scurrying pace, which under normal circumstances is held to be their most prized asset. Even Shankly was heard to say that Liverpool did things 'in a hurry'. To me, it looked to be their normal game, which, however, happened to go unrewarded on this occasion. This does not make it a self-defeating style of play. The defeat was inflicted by Nottingham, for whom Anderson seems to be maintaining an inspiring level of consistency (having pruned his dafter runs to the corner-flag). If Liverpool had had the bye they deserved in this first round, they would very likely have gone on to win the competition again. As it is, they will benefit from the rest. In the meantime, those whose habit it is to envy countries where the national side is drawn mainly from one or at the most two clubs would be well advised to observe the despondency rife in Italy now that their suicidal performance in the World Cup has been followed by the fair-and-square defeat of Juventus in Glasgow.

☐ Much the kindest thing to do about Geoff Boycott, I should say, would be to leave the poor fellow alone while he decides to become the first player to leave Yorkshire because he doesn't want to play for Hampshire. But it is perhaps not out of place to wonder if the Yorkshire county club is ever going to stop treating its exceptional cricketers clumsily. The committee's talent for adding insult to injury seems unrivalled in sports administration. Close and Illingworth have been the outstanding sufferers in recent years. In Close's book, *I Don't Bruise Easily,* the chapter dealing with his 'resignation' is entitled, 'The Worst Day of My Life'. Yorkshiremen may shortly have to stop priding themselves on their insistence that only Yorkshire natives can play for the county, since it will no longer be easy to imagine a gifted 'foreigner' who would actually wish to turn out for them in such desperate atmospheres. This is all embarrassing enough: but if Boycott should gain what is popularly known as a new lease of life at some other county (say, Hampshire) I shan't know where to put myself, except well out of bat-range of Michael Parkinson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Films

John Coleman

Upper Case

The Driver (A) *ABC Shaftesbury Avenue and other cinemas*
The Cycle (AA) *Paris Pullman* and *Phoenix*
The Fury (X) *Leicester Square Theatre*
Hollywood on Trial *ICA from 10 October*
The Odd Job (A) *Columbia*

The Driver is the second film by the Director. He is better known as a Writer and has written this, too. His first film was *The Streetfighter* and the Critic recommended it. This time, the Critic is less sure, maybe we have here a very fine Director of traffic... Walter Hill's new feature was shot on location in Los Angeles and Long Beach, using Union Station, the ancient Lafayette Hotel, a foreign-car warehouse as backdrops for his 'three people with no past', the Driver (Ryan O'Neal), the Detective (Bruce Dern) and the Player (Isabelle Adjani). 'No past' is Hill's own phrase, but he has elsewhere in interview given himself the lie: his people's past belongs to the American *film noir* of the Forties — 'I just thought it might be kind of interesting and fun to see if a lot of the elements of the traditional genre movie have another gasp in them.' On this evidence, it looks doubtful, but then Hill has gone so oddly about his resurrections. O'Neal is the best getaway driver in the business, sombre and laconic almost to vanishing-point; Dern is the ruthless cop out to nail him by hook and by crook, stupidly prepared to promote a bank-robbery if necessary; Adjani is that Player (because seen gambling in the opening minutes), the mystery woman in black, the driver's purchased alibi – 'it wozzen 'im' – and, later, none-too-willing carrier when some money is to be picked up from a station locker. Apart from not having names, only designations, these characters are usually free of humanising traits or quirks. High-shouldered, wan-sultry and faintly comical, Adjani slopes through with dead eyes, her persona handed to us on trust by the detective: 'You sure have been around the tracks a few times, honey'; and O'Neal is similarly inert, alive only at the wheel or slugging a lesser crook. There is a hint that they make love at one turning of the plot, but where would they find *that* sort of energy?

As the story-line snakes about, with the vengeful Teeth (Rudy Ramos) slapped by O'Neal, also on the Driver's trail, one wonders if Mr Hill hasn't been too attentive to his previous notices. Pauline Kael's 'the best pulp director in America' is peanuts beside this dangerous Parisian accolade: 'the Robert Bresson of the fighting arena'. Mercifully, Bruce Dern is on hand to muddy such aspirations a little, pursing his lips to bursting point, addressing a worried subordinate as ass-hole, making the capitalised Driver-Detective game or confrontation that crucial bit gamey. Otherwise, all the best passages belong, for their execution, to the team coordinated by one Everett Creach, whose name alone spells slammed-on brakes: two long, long car chases and a strange sequence – known at one stage of the scripting as the Exhibition. The Driver proves himself to three startled robbers wary of hiring him by taking their Mercedes and damm near wrecking it. I have seen cars kill each other; I have even, in the recent *Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo,* seen cars smooching; but this is the first time I have seen a car being forced to perform a strip-tease.

Out for a while already, Dariush Mehrjui's *The Cycle* must not be allowed to pass by without comment. The Iranian director may be remembered by some for *The Cow* (1968) and *The Postman* (1974). The 'new' film was actually made four years ago, when it was banned by the Iranian authorities, surfacing at the Paris Festival in 1977. Compellingly photographed by Houshang Beharlou, with a marvellous use of skyline, early morning light, etched colour, the story is a strong one: of wholesale corruption in Teheran and specifically of dealings in black-market blood. It is only when a patient at the modern hospital (where most of the action has its source) contracts yellow fever that an overworked doctor's protests are half-heard. A female colleague adds her voice: 'the problem is, only 800 drug-addicts supply the blood in this country.' Small wonder the Shah saw yellow.

Amazingly, Mehrjui manages to give this bleak subject a transfusion of humour, centring the action around young Ali (Ezat Entezami) and his ailing, complaining old father (Ali Nassirian). Zahra (Fourouzan), an attractive, wayward, concerned nurse, takes them up at the hospital, claiming Ali as her nephew. Ali soon catches on to the various fiddles being practised and *his* easy shedding of scruples, chronicled step by step, leads him at the end to a last lack of piety: his father has died and the lad, involved in siphoning blood off two tramps during a fast car ride, is late for the news, late for the old man's funeral. 'Amen' seems to stick in his throat; he is beaten up for his callousness; he and his castigator stare at each other in mutual incomprehension over the grave. It is Ali's lost, corrupted face that we freeze on.

Brian DePalma's *The Fury* attempts two things and fails to achieve either satisfactorily, but no one can say the man isn't trying: it wants to carry on from his *Carrie,* deeper into the dubious business of psychokinesis, and it is bidding for a first place in the Hitchcock stakes. Here a couple of teenagers, who are only physically to meet in the slam-bang finale, are endowed with special psychic power's and John Cassavetes, as boss of an agency so high-level it is nameless ('We don't waste a penny on public relations'), sets out to harness them to some mysterious governmental ends. Against him is Kirk Douglas, one-time agent himself, father of the weirdly gifted male nuisance and thought by his son to have died in a PLO raid on an Israeli beach. A bullet here, cracking and stabbing through peace, is DePalma's first, very successful shock, nicely built up to.

There are further good notions: the tormented girl, who sees horrors and would rather not, is shown making a toy train race crazily round a toy track until it careers off; the kidnapped lad makes poor Fiona Lewis – as the agent who holds him in sexual thrall – levitate, higher and higher, then stolidly sets her spinning, while blood pours from her, splattering lamps, shades, the whole room (this is plain nasty, but what of the Master himself, the Hitch of *Frenzy*?); much better, a moment or so later, when Douglas comes after his son and fails to see him, eerily suspended, waiting in air, above his head. It is a pity that DePalma, on his own avowal, is still so concerned with form over content. The film falls steadily away.

David Helpern Jr's *Hollywood on Trial* is a sad, cautionary compilation about the blacklist years, intelligently conceived and drawing on archive footage of the Depression and of the baleful House Un-American Activities Committee itself in action. Into this, it intercuts present-day interviews with some of the original Ten, with Dalton Trumbo in excellent, caustic form, as well as past glimpses of them, and of clips from one or two of the direst anti-Red feature films of the period. The material is extraordinarily rich. Perhaps the most painful single incident shows Gary Cooper, 'Coop', utterly lost, simpering and giggling at the hearings, Mr Deeds gone to seed. But there is black, retrospective humour in other parts of the documentary. Would as much could be said for Peter Medak's *The Odd Job,* which Graham Chapman helped to write and produce. Chapman plays a fellow, deserted by his wife and suicidal, who hires an unfunny little man (David Jason) to kill him unexpectedly. Alas, it takes 86 minutes. 'Don't lean on the balcony,' screams Jason. All very well, but what about the stalls?

Weekend Competition

No 2535 **Set by David Ealey**

Malcom Muggeridge has recently reviewed his own book, *Things Past*, in the *Listener*; Anthony Burgess, while a critic for the *Yorkshire Post*, reviewed one of his own novels (which had been published under a pseudonym) – and was sacked for his pains. Could we have auto-reviews, please, by any 20th-century writer. One arbitrary limitation: no Graham Greene, thank you very much.

Result of No 2532 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

We asked for musical-hall songs chronicling the joys and sorrows of modern working-class life.

Report **by Eric Chubby**

We're still looking for the great Tim Hopkins. For that matter, we've started looking for his chum, the intermittently great Basil Ransome, who's been keeping a low profile lately. Perhaps they've eloped together and are living off their massive pool of comp winnings. However, we don't want our anxiety to sound like a snub to all the rest of you loyal, stout-hearted, talented, unresentful regulars. We often wish we had more money to give you, more prizes, more space, little photographs of each winner, and so on. But there it is; honourable mentions to A. J. Wyborn, Pascoe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polglaze and Robert Baird. Six quid each.

I was signing on as usual – the day was damp
and muggy;
Just signing on as usual – the office air was fuggy;
When there behind the counter, I beheld this
scrumptious bird;
I felt the prick of Cupid – tho' it wasn't *his*
that stirred!

Chorus:
Just signing on as usual –
When Fate said 'Meet the wife';
And all at once just signing on
Meant signing on for life.

Her Allowances are generous, her Increments
are vast;
Her Supplementary Benefits are
wholly unsurpassed.
Before I met my Mirabelle, my life was just
a void –
Now, exploring my Entitlement, I'm
never unemployed!
TERRY TOWLING

My old mummy said, 'Your Spanish tummy
Will feel sicky-dicky on the way.'
Off went the bus with my floozie woozy
I ran behind calling 'Scusi, scusi!'
I sicked up and I packed up,
I packed up and I sicked up,
The only plane from Palma went by Rome –
But Dramamine
Won't stop you feeling green
When you catch the last flight home.
WILL BELLENGER

I'm a single-parent Mum 'oo 'as a quiverful of kids
Gettin' something supplement'ry from me lodger.
Now yer musn't supplement the Welfare's
supplement'ry quids
Or they'll prosecute yer for a shameless dodger.

Chorus:
So me lodger 'ad to go though I fancied 'im galore
An' I miss 'is supplement'ry that's for sure.
'Ave a nibble an' they quibble 'cos yer *must* be
chaste an' pure
Before them civil servants make yer socially secure.

When the Welfare Lady sez 'Ai heah you
entertains a gent,
Would 'e be . . . Ah . . . a-having of the other?'
I answer 'Eow! Yer narsty maind! that party
wot 'as spent
Some time wiv me's me ever-loving brother!
So me lodger 'ad to go *etc.*
GERRY HAMILL

My old man said, 'Watch for the van,
And don't switch on when it's round this way.'
Off went my dad to see Auntie Nellie,
I stayed at home looking at the telly.
As dad suspected
We were detected,
Fined a hundred nicker from the raid.
Oh the P.O. detector van will catch you napping
If your licence ain't been paid.
R. D. CONDON

I love my kind employer,
He treats me like a son,
And when I work my bollocks off,
He always says, 'Well done.'

I don't care what he pays me
As long as I survive,
So when he offered ten per cent,
I told him, 'Make it five.'

I told him, 'Make it five',
I told him, 'Make it five',
As Einstein said, you can't be dead
If you're still half alive!
DAVID DOUBTFIRE

Tony Miles

Chess

No 103 **Interpolis 2**

THE first Interpolis tournament, held at Tilburg last year, was comfortably the strongest event in the world for several years. One might have thought that this would be hard to follow but, far from it, the second Interpolis tournament was even stronger. It is the stated intention of the organising committee to have 12 of the world's top 25 players. This year two, Dzindzihashvili and Browne, were narrowly outside, but this did nothing to detract from the event.

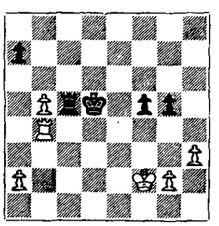
The fierceness of the competition is well illustrated by the fact that the Hungarian, Portisch, took outright first place with a score of just 7/11. Second was Timman (Holland) with 6½, and I shared third with Dzindzihashvili (Israel) and Hübner (West Germany) on 6. Of the other illustrious names, the ex-world champion Spassky (USSR) could only score 50 per cent, level with Hort (Czechoslovakia) and Browne (USA), and behind them came Larsen (Denmark) 5, Ljubojevic (Yugoslavia) and Sosonko (Holland) 4½ and Ribli (Hungary) 4.

I started well, and after six rounds shared the lead with 4½, but then three consecutive disasters ruined my chances of first place. However, my new anti-Queens Indian line served me well.

White: A J Miles **Black: B Larsen**

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.N-KB3, P-K3; 3.P-B4, P-QN3; 4.B-B4, B-N2; 5.P-K3, B-K2; 6.P-KR3, 0-0; 7.N-B3, P-Q4; 8.PxP, PxP; 9.B-Q3, QN-Q2; 10.0-0, P-QR3; 11.N-K5, R-K1; 12.Q-B3, B-Q3; 13.N-N4! N-K5?; 14.BxB, PxB; 15.KR-B1, Q-N4; 16.N-K2, QR-B1; 17.Q-B4, QxQ; 18.NxQ, P-N3; 19.P-B3, KN-B3; 20.NxNch, NxN; 21.K-B2, K-B1; 22.P-KN4! K-K2; 23.P-KR4, P-QN4; 24.P-R5, N-Q2; 25.RxR, RxR; 26.R-R1, N-B1; 27.PxP, RPxP; 28.K-K2, K-B3; 29.K-Q2, K-N2; 30.R-QB1, RxR; 31.KxR, K-B3; 32.K-Q2, P-N5 (or B-B3; 33.P-R4!) **33.K-B2, P-R4; 34.B-N5!** (Intending K-N3-R4xP. Others allow B-B3) **N-K3; 35.NxN, PxN; 36.K-N3, K-N4; 37.K-R4, P-K4; 38.KxP, PxP; 39.PxP, K-B5; 40.B-Q7! K-K6; 41.K-N6, B-R1; 42.K-R7, KxQP; 43.P-B4 Resigns.**

Problem 103



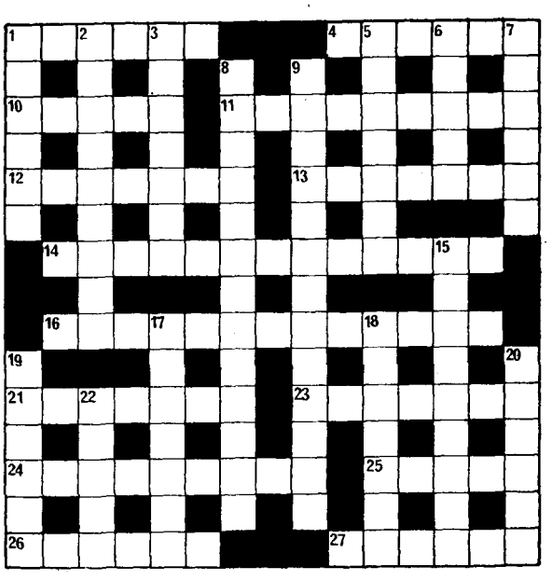
White to play has an extra pawn, but has great trouble exploiting it. For instance if 1.R-QR4, RxP; 2.RxP, K-K3; safeguards the K-side with a theoretical draw. Does White have any real winning chances, and how should the game go? Answers to me at New Statesman postmarked not later than 18 October.

Solution to Problem 101

1 . . .P-N4! (If 1 . . .R-K2ch; 2.K-B1, P-N4; 3.R-B5) 2.RxP! (2.RPxP? R-K7ch; 3.K-B1, P-R5 is not to be recommended, while 2.R-B5, NPxP; 3.RxP, RxP; 4.RxP, R-B5 draws) NPxP; 3.NPxP, R-K7ch! (Not P-R6; 4.R-R4, RxP; 5.P-R6ch, K-R2; 6.K-R3 wins) 4.K-R3 (or B3) R-KR7 and Black's RP ensures a draw (further analysis later).

Weekend Crossword 1278

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1278, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 17 October.



ACROSS

1. Furnish flexibly (6).
4. Moves quickly as Northerners round the ring (6).
10. Part of boat which looks right in the wrong pool (5).
11. The canter turns into a leap (9).
12. Refuse being born in place of car (7).
13. The opening would be of a different sort if nothing were missing (7).
14. Silent means of communication? (4, 9).
16. Poet in love starts making declarations (13).
21. Social worker needed by Scot in a real mess (7).
23. Rumour there is corn among the fodder (7).
24. One who demonstrates against a lawyer who is in favour of torture? (9).
25. He was bound to turn (5).
26. Kinds of examination he sets wrongly (6).
27. Make the member finish the story (6).

DOWN

1. The southern stretch of water is a marsh (6).
2. Animal for river god to put up with (5, 4).
3. Boy holds map showing country (7).
5. Part of London which puts man in the wrong scale (7).
6. Different so in bed would be worried (5).
7. Make one's home in a northern town (6).
8. Workers' action which provides transport for the officer (7, 6).
9. Secretaries give dissipated strangers hope (13).
15. Woman with a home in the east of Ireland? (9).
17. Metal goods which are spoilt in rain and wet (7).
18. Suppose one is included in the Enigma Variations (7).
19. Move made with a piece after match is nearly completed (6).
20. Wrongly deny Her Majesty is celebrated (6).
22. Means of communication a little bit unfinished (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 10

C	O	B	W	E	B	J	O	N	S	O	N			
I	N	E	A	T	U	A	T	E	H	F	O			
B	C	C	R	T	B	W	A	L	A	R	M			
B	E	A	T	R	O	B	E	I	D	E	A			
E	V	D	O	A	P	O	D	S	W	E	D			
R	E	A	N	N	E	X	R	E	E	D	S			
E	N	V	O	I	F	L	Y	B	L	O	W			
U	T	E	T	C	R	U	D	E	L	M	I			
S	U	N	N	L	A	T	E	R	O	W	E			
D	R	A	T	S	Z	A	N	T	E	E	L			
E	E	N	W	H	I	T	E	H	E	A	D			
N	U	T	O	I	L	E	G	A	L	L	Y			

Unclued answers are names of Poets Laureate from 1619-1790.

Prizes to Salamanca 10

L E Thomas (Bangor)
A Appleton (Nottingham)
J Lloyd (Lewes)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

FINANCE AND ADMINISTRATION OFFICER

The International University Exchange Fund (IUEF), an international non-governmental organisation, seeks a Finance and Administration Officer to take charge of the Finance and Administration Department at the Geneva headquarters.

The work of the IUEF is concerned with educational assistance to refugees in Africa and Latin America: assistance to Liberation Movements and other groups working for independence in Southern Africa: assistance to organisations working for the restoration of democracy in Latin American countries presently under oppressive regimes and assistance to development projects of a specialised nature.

The Finance and Administration Department is responsible for the control and implementation of the IUEF budget and for the various grant accounts. In addition the Department carries out all financial and administrative services, including personnel administration and relations with the Swiss and other authorities for the IUEF Geneva headquarters and its regional offices in London, Lusaka and San José. The total annual budget is approximately US $7 million.

The Finance and Administration Officer, as head of the Department has the task to oversee other administrative staff and in particular is expected to act as the organisation's financial controller/reporter and analyst as well as internal auditor. The Finance and Administration Officer is responsible for monitoring the organisation's liquidity flow and for drawing up budgetary recommendations as well as for the development and application of foreward planning techniques.

Applications are invited from persons who have a good honours degree (or the equivalent) in economics or related subjects including statistics. An accountancy qualification will be an advantage as would be a qualification in administration.

An essential requirement for this job is a keen analytical mind, allied to an ability to communicate ideas. The Finance and Administration Officer must also have a good working knowledge of French. It is probable that this position will suit a young person with suitable experience.

Applications for this position, including a comprehensive resumé of previous work experience and qualifications held, together with most recent salary, should reach the **IUEF Director in Geneva before 15 November 1978: PO Box 108, 1211 Geneva 24, Switzerland.**

NATIONAL UNION OF BANK EMPLOYEES

appointment of

TRADE UNION ORGANISER FOR THE SOUTH WEST REGION

Applications are invited from persons of suitable qualifications and Trade Union background for the above post of Regional Organiser. Commencing salary £4,071 per annum rising to £4,990 per annum. Car provided, good holidays and Conditions of Service. Considerable travelling is involved in this appointment. The successful applicant would be based at Union's Salisbury Office. Please apply for application forms to:

Mr John James,
National Organiser,
NUBE,
102 Bute Street, Cardiff CF1 6AD

by Friday 13 Oct. 1978

JOURNALISTS UNION
requires
SECRETARIAL ASSISTANT

good typing with audio or shorthand and ability to organise a filing system, to work primarily with an oganiser concerned with magazine and book publishing, and give assistance to one of the Union's branches in same building.

ALSO SECRETARY
with audio or shorthand to work with another organiser.

Commencing £3,124 p.a. in both cases plus increases after 1 and 2 years' service with review next January. Hours 9.30 - 5 or 10-5.30, no Sats, 4 weeks holiday. Maternity and paternity leave, sick pay, plus interest-free season ticket loan. Apply to ADMIN. OFFICER, NATIONAL UNION OF JOURNALISTS, 314 GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON WC1.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
requires
AN ASSISTANT

to work 17½ hours per week in the Research Department to handle case-work on the Middle East. Applicants should be familiar with the politics and social conditions of the region. Working knowledge of French and Arabic, together with good typing essential.

Salary £2,083.50 p.a. Closing date 27 October 1978. For further details and application form please contact Caroline Reeson, Amnesty International, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF, or 'phone 01-836 7788 Ext. 289.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M & S Agency, 45 South Molton St, W1. 629 6821.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp. Fenwick's). 493 3005.

LONDON WEEKEND TELEVISION

have vacancies for two Researchers on their teenage Current Affairs Programme, the 'London Weekend Show', starting in late November. Applicants should have journalistic experience either in broadcasting or the press.

All applications together with a full curriculum vitae (preferably typed) should be addressed to **Mrs. Joan Pugh, Staff Officer, London Weekend Television, South Bank Television Centre, Kent House, Upper Ground, London SE1.**

UNIVERSITY OF NAIROBI — KENYA

Applications are invited for the post of

LECTURER

in the

DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT

Applicants should have a good postgraduate degree, preferably a PhD in Political Science. Some experience in University teaching and/or research will be a definite advantage. The appointee will be expected to have a speciality in and capacity to teach at least two or the following sub-disciplines: International Relations, Political Theory, Methods of Political Enquiry, Comparative Politics, Political Sociology and Political Behaviour. Preference will however be given to candidates whose combinations include International Relations and Methods of Political Enquiry. Salary scale: K£2,016-3,312 p.a. (K£1 = £1.35 sterling). The British Government is unlikely to provide salary supplementation and associated benefits. Family passages; SSSF or FSSU; non-contributory pension scheme; subsidised housing or generous housing allowance. Detailed applications (2 copies) with curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees to be sent direct to Registrar (Recruitment and Training) University of Nairobi, P.O. Box 30197, Nairobi, Kenya by 30 October 1978. Applicants resident in the UK should also send one copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Rd, London W1P 0DT. Further details may be obtained from either address.

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX
RESEARCH OFFICER IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS

GRADUATE ECONOMISTS
required to work on a joint
MEDICAL/ECONOMICS

project concerned with the use of health services and costs of community care. Statistical ability required. Appointment for one year from 1 November 1978 or as soon as possible thereafter. Salary on Range 1B scale, £3,384-£4,882.

Applications (two copies), including a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Registrar (AG/52/NS) University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by 21 October 1978.

HAMPSTEAD ECONOMIST requires assistant with good typing ability. Graduate standard or similar. 486 0403.

LONDON Study Centre has vacs for ESL teachers; international house diploma or RSA cert. essential; private secretary for principal's office also req. Tel. 731 3549.

GRADUATE-MINDED Secretaries will find the more stimulating secretarial careers through the Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696.

School

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School. 5-16 years GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Publications

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE WORLD Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

WRITERS' AID SERVICE. Short stories, novels, TV/Radio scripts, poetry, journalism. World Airmail Tuition. Success Writing Bureau (NS), Earby, Lancs. BB8 6NE.

LONDON'S largest secondhand bookshop. Always visit World of Books at 30 Sackville Street, W1. Open Saturdays too.

YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED by New Horizon. Details: Dept. NS, 5 Victoria Drive, Bognor Regis, West Sussex.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St, London SW13. 01-876 7254.

THE TEACHERS COMMUNITY

is heavily educationally and social responsibility oriented. We are pragmatic, avoid political and religious dogma, and are non marriage based. For more information send 30p to **The Teachers (SI), 18 Garth Road, Bangor, N. Wales.**

DIRECTORY OF ALTERNATIVE COMMUNITIES

lists many such groups, £1.50 (cash with order, please) from:

The Teachers (SI), 18 Garth Road, Bangor, N. Wales.

THE MUSIC SHOP IN LONDON

SCHOTT

Sheet music, Eulenburg scores, music books. Call, or mail order.

48 Great Marlborough Street
London W1. Tel: 01-437 1246

Hours: Mon.-Fri. 9-5; Sat. 9-1.

WANTED!

DISCWORM

Our edition of 20 October will contain a special 'bookworm' and 'discworm' column. Any books, publications or records can be advertised for just 50 pence a line. (Av. 6 words a line, min 2 lines, Box No. 50p). Copy must arrive by midday 16 October. Please enclose remittance with order and send now to: **Bookworm, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1 or Tel: Vicky Hutchings 01-405 4912.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holidays/Travel

VENICE, VERONA, FLORENCE. £75

Staying by superb Lake Garda Dec. 18th-27th.

(1979 dates: April 14th-22nd, May 25th-June 3rd, Aug. 25th-Sept. 3rd, Sept. 1st-10th, £80).

ALGERIA Dec. 23rd-Jan. 5th, £120.
Arab Markets, Oases and full programme.

BOOK YOUR 1979 CRUISE NOW. £175
Tilbury/Leningrad/Tilbury Sep. 28th-Oct 9th 1979.

YORKSHIRE TOURS, 49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield, HD1 3JQ. Phone 0484 24269.

NOVEMBER CELEBRATION TOURS TO USSR

4-11 November, Moscow, £128. Tours inclusive of air travel, full board, guide and extensive programme.

Progressive Tours Ltd., 12 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, London W2 2BS. Telephone 01-262 1676.

SPECIAL FARE '78/'79

BANGKOK	TOKYO
SINGAPORE	TEHRAN
KUALA LUMPUR	DELHI
HONG KONG	AUSTRALIA
BALI	NEW ZEALAND

and all destinations in Europe, Middle and Far East.
Try us first.
The Travel News (UK) Ltd., Radnor House, 93/97 Regent St. London W1. Tel.: 01-439 4578/9

GOLDEN JET
01-636 2757

Casablanca, Tunis, Istanbul, Faro, Funchal, Palma, Geneva, Zurich, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Rome, Nice, Far & Middle East, India, Nairobi.
320 Regent Street, London W1.

BEST VALUE FARES. Regular reliable departures, World-Wide and European destinations. MAS, Empire House, 119 Regent Street, London W1. 01-439 8511 (Answerphone) 2/3.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe, Tel Aviv & South Africa. Sallsbury Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

MAGIC BUS. Amsterdam £10, Paris £10.50, Athens £26, Barcelona £27, Copenhagen £28, Lisbon £33.50, Morocco £47. 66 Shaftesbury Ave, W1. 439 8471.

WALES. Autumn Sunshine. Coal fires. Wholefoods. Guest House, idyllic setting, nr Lake Bala. Vacs Sept. & Oct. Tel. 065 04 375.

EXPRESS TRAVEL. Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

Accommodation Vacant

CHELSEA. Single bed-sit, all mod. cons. £14 p.w. 01-352 7552.

LONDON NW10 flat, 2 bedrooms, 1 lounge, kitchen, bath, WC, phone, fridge. May suit overseas academic visitors or 2 to 4 girl students, £20 to £30 p.w. Box 2756.

ROYSTON. Pretty cottage, 2 living, 3 bedrooms, 4 miles stn. Kings Cross 50 mins. 6 mths let. £25 p.w. 722 8973 weekdays.

Accommodation Wanted

JOURNALIST, 23, wants friendly flat/house share in central London. Used to spartan life but no mice please. Box 2776.

TWO GRADUATES urgently require unfurn. flat in West London. Babysitting/cleaning considered. Please call 01-286 4106.

POST-GRADUATE & first degree students require rooms, flats, houses. Ring London University 405 7686 extn. 468 between 11 — 1 p.m.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 637 4863.

Secretarial

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Tel. 01-580 1885

ALL TYPING DONE at competitive charges. Deadlines met. Ring 01-352 9154 morns.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

BOOKS, theses, scripts, office typing. Tapes/duplicating. Ann Walker 01-584 0198.

BOOKS MSS efficiently typed. Low rates. Cox, 30 Tennyson Rd, Romford, Essex.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes and Philips 86 cassettes, Scotts, 80 Queensway, London, W2. 01-727 5828.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
£50 to £25,000 unsecured
REGIONAL TRUST LTD
8 Clifford St, New Bond St, LONDON W1
01-734 5983 or 2914

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap & reliable
All sizes
603 2865. 27, Royal Crescent Mews, London W11.

Students

STUDENTS. Read the New Statesman? Want a free subscription? Write to Kingsley Canham, NS 10 Gt Turnstile, London WC1, for information or ring him, 01-405 8471.

WRITER SEEKS student of Economics, familiar with statistics for occasional Research Assistance. Box 2793.

Personal

EDITING, proof-reading, writing by experienced graduate. Box 2799.

6 MONTHS' rare country peace & exceptional hi-fi: half normal rent return slight caretaking (2 hrs wkly). 046 030 476.

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The Progressive League caters for mind, body and spirit — politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

SYMPATICO home exchange holidays. Marvellous! Brochure: Sympatico (NS), 12 Plovers Down, Winchester, S022 4HH.

ARE YOU SEEKING nationwide and worldwide occult, witchcraft, secret temple contacts, etc? Long standing service. Stamp to: 'Eterna', The Golden Wheel, Birkenhead L43 7RL.

CO-COUNSELLING — West Norwood — weekly class Tuesdays — also introductory weekend. Phone: Monday, Tuesday, Friday a.m, 01-394 2131.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation. Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princes Avenue N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m., 6.30-7 p.m. & weekends).

AMERICAN novelist on Guggenheim wishes to exchange brownstone triplex in Park Slope (New York) for a London house or large apartment for 8 month period (or part of) starting 1 Jan. 1979. Box 2770.

LADY, 51, needs loan, offers housekeeping, office routine or would share or rent nice garden flat to professional person. Legal agreement. References exchanged. Box 2746.

OUTPOSTS. Poems invited for future issues. Sae to Howard Sergeant, 72 Burwood Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, KT12 4AL.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

PSYCHOLOGIST/Hypnotherapist P. J. Millin of Harley Street. Develop confidence/overcome tension: etc. Appts. Tel. 01-800 4045.

PSYCHOTHERAPEUTIC treatment offered free, or for a nominal fee by fully trained analytical psychotherapist. Made possible through an endowment. Box 2762.

LOW-COST PSYCHOTHERAPY with Arbours Association trainees. Please phone 267 0304 for further information, or write to Arbours Association, 55 Dartmouth Park Road, NW5.

AUTHORS INVITED SUBMIT MSS, all types (including poems), for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Limited, Ilfracombe, Devon. (Established 1898).

CAN WE SURVIVE the era of nuclear weapons? The Centre Party believes that the human race can only avoid self-extinction by switching to popular sovereignty. Details: J. D. Waters, 83 Donnington Court, Donnington Road, London NW10 3TJ.

ACTIVE DON or similar c 40-50 sought by loving female for lasting relationship. Interests include people, countryside, books, music. Area unimportant (have car) but Wales, South Mids and West nearest. Box 2764.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, personable, 32, 5' 5", hopes meet warm, good-humoured, man-friend, exceptional, professional, business/academic, 5' 10"+, 30-40. Box 2765.

HELP! Female, 23, finds her friends are all abandoning London. Needs reinforcements. Box 2766.

LONDON business gentleman, 50, seeks sincere slim lady friend. Box 2773.

GENUINE sophisticated widow London/North West seeks articulate, secure, kind male, late 60s, car owner, varied interests. Box 2774.

UNATTACHED MALE ACADEMIC, 37, Indian origin, varied interests, seeks intelligent, liberal-minded lady, up to 35. London base. Box 2532.

PARISIAN CUM LONDONER, 5'10", modern looks, outlook, exasperating qualities, endearing faults, flat SW7, seeks lasting relationship, feminine, attractive lady, 45-55, turned on, affectionate, chic. Box 2778.

SINGLE MALE, 36, average income and prospects, wishes to meet female for sincere friendship. London area. Box 2779.

HANDSOMISH, athletic, academic, early 40s, 5'9", 11 stone, 7 year itch. Midlands area. Will pamper dedicated discreet sensualist (female) 45-55 with own accommodation. Box 2718.

WANTED: NS reader, unattached, m., 30+, resident W or S Yorks, looking for new (f) friendship. Box 2725.

SLIM, SHY, intelligent male (26) seeks sincere, affectionate older woman to share winter weekends of peace and tranquility. Box 2724.

CANADIAN novelist-professor, seaside house, good income, tall, good-natured, mid-50s, well-travelled, looking for bookish, sensible, pretty second wife, can't seem to meet her. Children no bar. Box 2639.

WRITER, male, 30s, slim, attractive, left-wing, seeks lively, fanciable female to share life's pleasures. Interests movies, music, theatre, dining out. Box 2741.

WOMAN PAINTER, 55, ARCA, looks for warm, reciprocal relationship with man interested in visual or literary arts, home and garden, perhaps psychology. Box 2797.

TALL, dark, handsome Oxford graduate, seeks regular dancing partner, 25-35. Bath-London. Box 2798.

NORWICH WIDOW, 46, intelligent, attractive, seeks tall, eligible, local, sociable male, wide interests, to re-discover dancing, theatre going, etc. Box 2790.

MIDLANDS. Slim attractive intelligent female (40s) seeks congenial and honourable male. Box 2800.

HAPPILY DIVORCED progressive-Jewish, attractive, intelligent, vivacious, mid-40s lady, seeks her special man. Box 2823.

WOULD ANY WARM, intelligent woman, up to 36, like to meet divorced prof. man, youthful 44, adventurous, but home-loving, with imagination, and many cultural and simple interests? Box 2767.

N. W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models.

We have been established in Hampstead since 1927

Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at

69 HEATH ST, NW3

(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)

N.W. London readers only, please

N. WEST. Is there a graduate/prof. lady of culture and intellectual disposition, ca 40-55, who would like to meet similar male? Box 2706.

EDUCATED PRESENTABLE GENTLEMAN with wide interests would like to meet an educated presentable lady with wide interests. She should be pref. 25-42 and live within 30 miles of Warwick. Box 2704.

UNIV. LECTURER, f., div., interested in literature, philosophy, languages, likes music, talking, walking, would like to meet man, 39-49, with same or compatible interests, for serious relationship. Box 2058.

WEST COUNTRYMAN, 46, with invalid wife, anxious to find tender but strictly uncommited relationship. Gentle, imaginative, educated. Box 2808.

MIDDLE-AGED, reasonably attractive, intelligent, independent woman, interested arts, seeks man-friend, 50s, London. Box 2789.

ONE FRIENDSHIP AGENCY stands out from the rest. Find out more, send for free brochure, all ages/areas. Sue Carr, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. Tel. 0423 63525 anytime.

UNUSUAL PEN FRIENDS excitingly different, highly personal dept. & married couples dept. Monthly journal. Free brochure. S.a.e. (SNX) Bureau des Amies. PO Box 54 Rugby, Warwickshire.

THE LONELINESS PROBLEM is worse for better-educated people; there are fewer of us; our standards are higher; contact is more difficult. Send 10p for news of a solution to Talfy c/o Mailroom, 32 Newman Street, London W1P 3PE.

WHETHER YOU ARE a Bishop, Knight or even a Pawn, hoping for a mate, contact us. We'll try not to rook you. Joan Remick Marriage & Friendship Bureau, 155 Knightsbridge, London SW1. 01-584 5151.

SWEDISH GIRLS. Hundreds of beautiful and attractive young Swedish girls would like to correspond with you. Details free. Rovema International, Dept E6, S-126 22 Hagersten, Stockholm, Sweden.

WANDERING LONELY AS A CLOUD? Silver linings are gladly provided by 'Status' who will introduce you to the sort of people who would never dream of enrolling with an ordinary Marriage Bureau. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High Street, W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs, and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

RAPPORT is the intelligent person's way of meeting new friends. Whatever your age, location or preferences, enrich your quality of life immeasurably with Rapport, the discerning person's introduction service — and discover a new joy in living. Details from Rapport, PO Box 94, Oxford.

LOVE & MARRIAGE is a Bureau for single parents and people who enjoy family life. S.a.e. 400 Harrow Road, London W9.

VIDEOMATCH, EUROPE'S FIRST and biggest TV dating service. 01-221 7431.

Personal Services

The College of Acupuncture Clinic

Consultations	£4
Treatments	£3

Open every SATURDAY from: 9.30 - 5.00.

Telephone 01-408 1838 or 01-202 7133

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE
(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances, Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel: 451118.
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.

DUREX

72	Gossamer/Seam	£4.75
48	Nu-Form/Fetherlite	£3.95
36	Black Cats, all colours	£2.25
50	Conture	£4.50
40	Stimula	£4.90
24	Hugger	£3.50
30	Long Love	£4.50
36	Pagoda Formfit	£4.10
36	Sagami Wet	£3.50
40	Tahiti	£3.95
36	Selected Brands	£2.75
70	De-Luxe Selection	£5.25

VIXDEAN LTD (NS)
36 St. Mary's Place, Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 7PQ
FREE ONE DOZEN SHEATHS WITH ORDERS OVER £3.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN
Vol. 96 No. 2481

Contents

426 **Political Notes:** Ferranti, Secrets trial, Shelley, Press Council
427 **Anna Coote:** Make Legal Aid free
428 **Patrick Wintour:** Labour Conference
429 **Stuart Holland:** Euro-monetarism
430 **Andrew Roth:** Thatcher and the social climber
432 **Tana de Zulueta:** Inside the Vatican
434 **Roger Omond:** Piet the Weapon
435 **Murray Sayle:** Japan's war noises
436 **Godfrey Hodgson:** The dying presidency
438 **Sri Lanka:** A return to scarlet and ermine
439 **Christopher Hitchens:** London Diary
440 **Arthur Marshall:** Flat on my Face
440 **Roger Woddis:** All the Brothers
441 **Letters to the Editor**

Books & Arts

442 **Hugh Lloyd-Jones:** Greek Homosexuality
443 **Russell Davies:** Joe Orton
446 **Alan Watkins:** Maurice Richardson

Other reviews by Zahir Jamal, Tom Paulin, Hermione Lee, Maurice Richardson

447 **Peter Conrad:** Opera
448 **Benedict Nightingale:**
449 **Julian Barnes:** Television
450 **Peter Porter:** Radio
451 **Russell Davies:** Sport
452 **John Coleman:** Films
452 **Weekend Competittion**
453 ***Chess and Crossword***

Poem by Blake Morrison

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info 836 5332. Red Price previews. New production Middleton & Rowley's 'The Changeling'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in premiere production Stephen Poliakoff's 'Shout Across The River'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, 722 9301. Mon.-Fri. 8, Sats 5 & 8.30 'Gloo Joo', a new play by Michael Hastings directed by Michael Rudman. 'A passport to hilarity.' E. Standard.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'The Double Dealer', 'Macbeth', 'The Woman', 'Plenty', 'Plunder', 'The Philanderer', 'American Buffalo'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Eves 8, Sats 5 & 8.30. Nicol Williamson in John Osborne's 'Inadmissible Evidence'.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
Worth queuing for from breakfast time. Financial Times.
TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN
Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00 & 9.15.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
75p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.25
Send copy to arrive Monday a.m. or telephone 405 4911/2/3 or 242 5484/5/6
NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

Exhibition

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile WC1. 405 9836. Original lithographs and etchings by Moore, Arthur Boyd, Whiteley, Lowry, also 18 & 19 C satirical prints.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'Between the Lines'. (AA). Progs at 3.00, 5.00, 7.00 & 9.00.

PARIS PULLMAN, S. Ken. 373 5898. Banned in Iran for 3 years, Mehrju's 'The Cycle' (AA). Progs 3.50 (Sat & Sun), 6.05 & 8.20.

ICA, The Mall, SW1. 930 3393. 'Hollywood on Trial'. The story of the Hollywood Ten. From 10 Oct, daily at 9 p.m.

Meetings

CAN THE CAMP DAVID agreement really work! Speakers: Professor Musa Mazzawi, well known Palestinian and International lawyer, and Sir Harold Beesley, former UK ambassador in Cairo and/or official Egyptian representative. Tuesday 10 October, 1.15 p.m. Admission 50p. Members free. Africa Centre, 38 King Street, WC2. Tel. 836 1973.

'CONSERVATION Hope for the Future' Joint Conference, Conservation Society and Progressive League, Hoddesdon, 3-5 November, 6.50. Speakers, John Davoll and others. Emphasis on positive proposals. Details, K. Dobbie, 162 Gunnersbury Avenue, London W3 8LB.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. 10 Oct. 'Matisse: the method of a colourist' by Prof. Lawrence Gowing; 12 Oct. 'When Continents Collide' by Dr R. Mason. Admission free. Details of Public Lectures from Publications Office (send stamped envelope).

THE CITY UNIVERSITY
Northampton Square, EC1

GRESHAM LECTURES IN RHETORIC

THREE GREAT ENGLISH POEMS

Three one-hour public lectures by Sir Robert Birley, KCMG, on Fridays, 13 October, 17 November and 24 November at 1.00 p.m.

All lectures are open to the public and free of charge.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 11 Oct, at 5-7 Tavistock Place, WC1. Giles Radice MP: 'After the Party Conference'. Collection. All welcome.

CHINA NATIONAL DAY CELEBRATION: Professor Joan Robinson presents perspectives on the current situation in China. Friday 6 October 7.30 p.m. Holborn Central Library, Theobalds Rd, WC1. SACU.

DORA RUSSELL on 'Religion of the Machine Age', 11 a.m. Forum on Zimbabwe at 3 p.m. including speakers from the Patriotic Front. Sunday 8 October, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. SPES.

MAURICE DUVERGER, professeur de sociologie politique at the Sorbonne, will give a lecture on 'Les Partis Politiques Francais: quadrille bipolaire' on Tuesday, 10 October at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London SW7. Tel. 01-589 6211 extn. 38. Admission free.

MEDITATION can give you the courage to change what needs to be changed, the strength to accept what can't be, and the insight to distinguish between the two. To find out more about the British Meditation Society come to a talk at Friends Meeting House, Euston Road, NW1 (opposite Euston Station), every Wednesday at 7.30 p.m. or contact the National Office, 51 Aldridge Rd Villas, W11. 01-229 8912.

EUROPEAN DIRECT ELECTIONS

A seminar on this subject to be held at Fircroft College, Birmingham by Young European Left.

17 November 8 p.m. to 19 November 4 p.m.

Speakers include socialist members of the European Parliament and the socialist group secretariat. Places (include full board) £11.50, £5 for full time students.

Bookings (and details of YEL membership) to **Peter Ebsworth, 332 Norwood Road, West Norwood, London SE27 9AF.**

HAVE YOU EVER WANTED TO BE A TV OR RADIO CRITIC?

Then here's your chance. Both to get your review in print and win a prize. All you have to do is to enter The Listener TV and Radio Critics Competition. Winning entries will be published in The Listener and the best TV and Radio criticisms will each earn a £100 prize with prizes for runners-up totalling £150.

Full details and the entry form, which must accompany all entries are in this week's Listener.

THE LISTENER
On sale now. 25p

TIME OUT SHORT STORY COMPETITION

For our fourth annual short story competition, we are looking for humorous fiction of not more than 5,000 words.

Award: £300 and publication in the Christmas issue of *Time Out*.

Conditions: anyone except *Time Out* employees and their families may enter; submissions should be typed and double-spaced; stories must not have been previously published. Please note that manuscripts cannot be returned. No award will be made if in the opinion of the judges no story is acceptable.

Address entries to: Short Stories, *Time Out*, Tower House, Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HD. Envelope must be postmarked no later than November 15, 1978.

Judges: Sara Maitland, Matthew Hoffman, Duncan Campbell. The author of the winning story will be notified before publication.

THE SOCIAL AND SAFETY IMPLICATIONS OF GENETIC ENGINEERING

A one-day public meeting organised by the Association of Scientific Technical and Managerial Staffs, Friday 27 October at The Pharmaceutical Society, 1 Lambeth High Street, London SE1.

The conference is open to all who wish to attend. Discussion will include not only the possible benefits and hazards of genetic engineering but also the question of reconciling public opinion and concern about safety, with the scientific and industrial progress in an increasingly technological world.

Speakers include The Rt Hon Shirley Williams, Sir Gordon Wolstenholme, Clive Jenkins, Dr Sydney Brenner, Dr Jonathon King and Dr Bob Williamson.

For registration, which costs £4, please contact Donna Haber, ASTMS, Sutton House, 2-4 Homerton High Street, London E9 6JT; or phone 01-985 4792. Places are limited.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The 1978 Stamp Memorial Lecture entitled: 'Inflation and Business Enterprise' will be given by Sir Francis Sandilands, CBE (Chairman, Commercial Union Assurance Co. Ltd) at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday, 10 October 1978, in the Beveridge Hall at the University of London, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1. Admission free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

'SOME IDEAS ON GOD,' a talk by Mr. Geoffrey Farthing, 7 p.m. Sunday 8 October 1978. The Theosophical Society in England, 50 Gloucester Place, London, W1H 3HJ. Telephone: 01-935 9261.

THEOSOPHY: Sae for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sun. 8 Oct. 8 p.m. Open Question/Answer Meeting. All welcome. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

COMMUNIST PARTY of GREAT BRITAIN MARXIST - LENINIST
'Albania-Beacon of Marxism-Leninism'
7.30 p.m. Friday 6 Oct.
Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1

Courses

TALKING WITH CONFIDENCE. Courses with a difference. Week-end residential Courses to be held 10/12 Nov. and 24/26 Nov. Full particulars from C. Beloe, Senior Adviser, 16 St Mary's Gate, Derby.

EXPERIENCED Cambridge graduate offers French & German tuition. 'O' & 'A' levels & conversation. 01-736 8047 (Fulham area).

IMAGE & WORD: Film/video course 4-9 January 1979. For details apply Arvon Foundation, Totleigh Barton, Sheepwash, Devon. Tel. Black Torrington 338 (1000-1600).

FRANK JEFKINS SCHOOL of Public Relations. 6 London seminars, press relations, PR planning, copy-writing, marketing. Teach yourself programmed learning course. 7 books by Frank Jefkins-mail order. Prospectus: 84 Ballards Way, South Croydon, Surrey, CR2 7LA. Tel. 01-657 2911.

GERMAN TUITION, all grades, by British subject academically trained in Germany. 435 8523, NW London.

FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, Russian. Full-time day courses. Evening courses. Conversation (all grades), courses for GCE 'O' & 'A' levels & Institute of Linguists. Correspondence courses. Mentor for Language, 115N Shaftesbury Avenue, London, WC2 (Cambridge Circus). 836 3753.

GERMAN and Norwegian lessons given by graduate of the technesche oniuersitaet Berlin, all levels, W6 area. Box 2827.

Individual instruction by post from qualified tutors for:
GCE, DEGREES, THE PROFESSIONS, BUSINESS, LEISURE STUDY and Gateway courses for the Open University
Free prospectus from the Principal
WMM Milligan MA Dept. BG3
Wolsey Hall Oxford OX2 6PR
Telephone (0865) 54231
(Ansafone after 4.45pm)
Wolsey Hall
The Oxford Correspondence College Founded 1894
Accredited CACC Member ABCC

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED COPY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED